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GENERAL ELECTION
BROADCASTS

The Listener

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John Gay

General Election, October, 1951: who comes back?

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A New Edition of Dickens' Letters (Humphry House)

The Schweppshire Post

An Announcement

A TRIUMPH & AN OPPORTUNITY

The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ, THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST, thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely, SCHWEPPSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY.

But opportunity shatters schedules. A General Election has given new meaning and fresh urgency. Here, then, is a preview of POST'S policy.

THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST'S ELECTION MANIFESTO

It is addressed to YOU

This is a message. A message for YOU. For you, because YOU are one of 2,371 guaranteed SCHWEPPSHIRE POST readers, and though YOU diminished at first, now YOUR number is increasing daily. YOU will be bigger after October 25th. And why?

POST policy is YOUR policy. Politically, POST is for progress; yet realises that tradition plays its part. Internationally, POST is fearlessly for Peace, remembering war's honoured tradition. The country must remain alerted for defence, always recognising that the bogey of the atom bomb must not allow us to be ruled by

scaremongers. We stand for Britain first, always remembering that the English-speaking peoples play their part, with the coloured peoples as their inseparable adjunct. For agriculture, the farmers must be absolutely free, and we must guide them to this freedom with the full co-operation of the Advisory Committees. POST is if possible even more for Youth; with maturity standing shoulder to shoulder with Age. POST is for our heritage of health, is for our national heritage, this realm, this diadem, this moat. POST is for YOU.

Stephen Potter

*. . . for ye that fare further,
longer is the way . . .*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

The inorganic sector I can and must deal with extremely briefly—can, because Mr. Hoyle devoted a whole series of lectures to it last year; and must, because my time is so limited. The chief points which have a bearing on my theme of evolution seem to me to be these. This sector of reality comprises all the purely physico-chemical aspects of the universe throughout the whole of space, intergalactic as well as interstellar, all the galaxies, all the stars and stellar nebulae. The diameter of that part of it visible with the new 200-inch telescope is nearly a thousand million light-years; and there is a celestial region of unknown size beyond the range of any telescope that we may ever be able to

construct. There are over a hundred million visible galaxies; and each of these contains anything from a hundred to ten thousand million stars. Obviously, then, the inorganic sector is by far the largest in spatial extent. It is also the largest in temporal extent: astronomers put the age of our own galaxy at up to five thousand million years—probably rather less—and most of them think the universe as a whole is of about the same age, though some believe it is considerably older.

Jazz Dance of Particles

But the mechanism of its transformation is of the simplest kind—physical, and very occasionally chemical, interaction. The degree of organisation to be found in it is correspondingly simple: most of this vast sector consists of nothing but radiations, subatomic particles, and atoms; only here and there in it is matter able to attain the molecular level, and nowhere are its molecules at all large or complicated. Very few of them contain more than half-a-dozen atoms, as opposed to the many hundreds and even thousands of atoms in the complex organic molecules found in living substance. Many of the results are extremely large—stars and galaxies; but their organisation is of a very low order: the simple spirals of the galaxies, the concentric arrangement of layers in the stars. In the tiny fraction that has turned into planetary systems, the level of organisation is higher, but only a little higher. Nowhere in all its vast extent is there any trace of purpose, or even of prospective significance. It is impelled from behind by blind physical forces, a gigantic and chaotic jazz dance of particles and radiations, in which the only overall tendency we have so far been able to detect is that summarised in the Second Law of Thermodynamics—the tendency to run down.

By contrast, the spatial extension of the biological sector is very much restricted. Living substance could not come into being except in that small minority of stars which have planetary systems; within them, it is restricted to that small minority of their planets which are of the right size and in the right stage of their history for complicated self-copying organic molecules to be produced; and in them again to an infinitesimal surface shell. The number of such potential homes of life in our own galaxy is put by a few astronomers as high as several hundred thousand, but by most at only a few thousand or even a few hundreds. Whatever the truth turns out to be, the biological sector, considered spatially as the area occupied by life, cannot at the very outside constitute more than a million-million-millionth part of the visible universe, and probably much less. And of course the only spot of which we have actual knowledge is our own planet, with the possibility of Mars in addition. On the earth the extension of the biological sector in time is around two thousand million years.

On the other hand the level of organisation reached is almost infinitely greater than in the preceding sector. The proteins, the most essential chemical constituents of living substance, have molecules with tens or even hundreds of thousands of atoms, all arranged in patterns characteristic for each kind of protein. Each single tiny cell has a highly complex organisation of its own, with a nucleus, chromosomes and genes, and other cell-organs, and is built out of a number of different kinds of proteins and other types of chemical units, mostly large and complex. But that is only the beginning, for large higher mammals such as men and whales may have in their bodies over a hundred million million or even over a thousand million million cells of many different types, and organised in the most elaborate patterns. As Professor J. Z. Young explained in his Reith Lectures, the number of cells in our 'thinking parts' alone—the cerebral cortex of our brain—is about seven times the total human population of the world, and their organisation is of a scarcely conceivable complexity.

Evolutionary transformation in this sector is brought about by the wholly new method of natural selection, which was not available during the thousands of millions of years before the emergence of living substance. This new method is responsible for the much higher level of organisation which evolution here produces. It is also responsible for the much faster tempo of change: quite large changes in biological organisation take only a few tens of millions of years; and really major ones, much more radical than any to be observed during the entire inorganic phase, only a hundred million or so.

At first sight the biological sector seems full of purpose. Organisms are built as if purposefully designed, and work as if in purposeful pursuit of a conscious aim. But the truth lies in those two words *as if*. As the genius of Darwin showed, the purpose is only an apparent one. However, this at least implies prospective significance. Natural selection

operates in relation to the future—the future survival of the individual and the species. And its products, in the shape of actual animals and plants, are correspondingly oriented towards the future, in their structure, their mode of working, and their behaviour. A few of the later products of evolution, notably the higher mammals, do show true purpose—the awareness of a goal. But the purpose is confined to individuals and their actions. It does not enter into the basic machinery of the evolutionary process, although it helps the realisation of its results. Evolution in the biological phase is still impelled from behind; but the process is now structured so as to be directed forwards.

The human phase of evolution, what I called the psycho-social sector, is again enormously more limited in spatial extent. On this earth it is restricted to one among over a million species of organisms, and elsewhere it assuredly cannot have been attained in more than a very small fraction—perhaps a hundredth, perhaps only a ten-thousandth—of the planets habitable by some kind of life. It is still more limited in its temporal extent: its existence on this earth, from its first dim dawn to the present, occupies only one-half of one-tenth per cent. of the history of life as a whole; and it has only operated at anything like full swing for perhaps a tenth of that tiny fraction of time.

Once again, a new main method of transformation has become available in this sector—the method of cumulative experience combined with conscious purpose. This has produced a new kind of result, in the shape of transmissible cultures; the unit of evolution in the human phase is not the biological species, but the stream of culture, and genetic advance has taken a back seat as compared with changes in the transmissible techniques of cultural advance—arts and skills, moral codes and religious beliefs, and above all knowledge and ideas. It has also meant not only a more rapid tempo, but a new kind of tempo—an acceleration instead of a more or less steady average rate. In the long prologue of human evolution, each major change demanded something of the order of a hundred thousand years; immediately after the end of the ice-age, something like a thousand years; during most of recorded history, the time-unit of major change was around a century; while recently it has been reduced to a decade or even less. And again correlated with this increased tempo of change, we find an enormous increase in the variety of the results produced and in the levels of organisation attained. In a way most important, purpose has now entered the process of transformation itself: both the mechanism of psycho-social evolution and its products have a truly purposeful component, and evolution in this sector is pulled on consciously from in front as well as being impelled blindly from behind.

The Purely Biological Approach

All this, however, I shall be dealing with in my final talk. Here I want to give a preliminary statement of the purely biological problem. Description and definition are the first steps in science, so I shall try to describe as concisely as possible the overall picture of the biological phase of reality that we have reached today. At the present time, over a million species of animals have been described, and well over a third of that number of plants, all different and distinct, while every year several thousand new species are being discovered and given names. They extend into every nook and cranny of the environment possible to life, from the polar regions to the equator, from the high mountains to the black marine abyss, from hot springs not much below boiling point to the oxygenless interiors of other animals. They exploit the environment in every possible way. To take only animals, there are species which feed entirely on flesh, on wood, on excrement, on nectar, on feathers, on the contents of others' intestines, on one particular kind of fruit or leaf. And each and every species is adapted, often in the most astonishing fashion, to its environment and its way of life. Think of the duck's webbed feet, the camel's stomach, or the luminous organs of deep-sea fish. There is no need to multiply examples: every animal and plant is from one aspect an organised bundle of adaptations—of structure, physiology, and behaviour; and the organisation of the whole bundle is itself an adaptation.

Living things fall naturally into a number of groups, each with its own plan of structure and working. Here I can only mention some of the more striking variations. The first grouping is into animals, plants, and viruses, each characterised by a radically different chemical way of life. The first thing that strikes one about the animal group is the great variety of plans of construction and operation within it. Thus, the protozoa are all single-celled: the sponges are all mouthless filter-

(continued on page 658)

Naval Occasion at Split

By FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

THERE must be a good many people, I imagine, who, though they have never been there, have heard enough about the Dalmatian coast to have built up for themselves quite a vivid imaginary picture of what it is like. With their mind's eye they have looked down from the bleak, rocky mountains of the hinterland, across the pine-covered coast with its fine beaches and ancient little seaports, out to the clear blue water of the Adriatic and the groups of protecting islands, hazy in the distance. That is a picture that used to attract hundreds of foreign holiday-makers to Yugoslavia every year before the war. And it certainly attracted me, when I was unexpectedly asked, last month, to make a quick journey out to Split. I had already been to Yugoslavia five or six times since the war, but always to places well inland. And each time, some enthusiastic Yugoslav acquaintance, in Zagreb or Belgrade or Macedonia, would say: 'Of course, you haven't really begun to see this country yet—till you've visited the Dalmatian coast'. I must admit, straight away, that they were perfectly right, and that none of my own vivid imaginings were in any way disappointed when I arrived there. As you near the western coast, the scenery becomes more and more bleak and desolate: wild, high, limestone mountains stretching out across the horizon.

This Karst country, as it is called, which lies behind the coastal belt, is as grim and arid a place as I have ever seen anywhere in the world. Nothing except a little scraggy grass now grows on those rock-strewn hillsides—the stones so sharp that it is difficult even to walk across them. But there was a time when the Dalmatian hinterland was famous for its forests. And the far-off city of Venice still stands today on the wooden piles felled in Dalmatia.

The road winds up to the final pass. And there, from beside the ruins of an old Turkish fortress, I looked down at last on the coast—incredibly green and fertile after those arid hills—with Split lying in the distance. Split itself is a pleasant, and also a rather extraordinary, city. It exists today because sixteen centuries ago the Emperor Diocletian got tired of ruling the Roman Empire, and decided to give it all up. He retired to grow cabbages. I really mean that—it is just what he did. But he wanted a palace as well. And the site he chose, at the head of a wide, sweeping bay, was then completely uninhabited. It took his architects and gangs of slaves years to complete the vast building that he ordered. And it is still standing there today. In fact, a whole section of the present town of Split is inside its walls, and those walls and the big, square corner towers and majestic gateways are still almost intact.

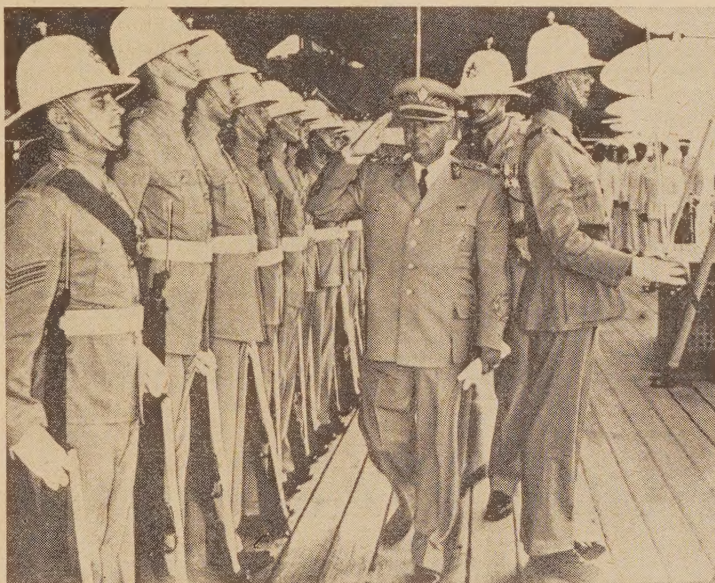
Among the regular pre-war visitors to Split were always units of the British Mediterranean Fleet. But after 1945, Yugoslavia temporarily disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. The naval visits, like every other normal expression of friendship between Yugoslavia and Britain, were brusquely stopped. Last month, after an interruption of twelve years, they started once again. And it was to cover the story of the Navy's first post-war courtesy call to Split that I myself went out there.

The visit started early on a Tuesday morning. As dawn broke over

the Adriatic on a perfect early autumn day, the 12,000-ton cruiser H.M.S. *Liverpool*—flagship of the Mediterranean Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John Edleston—made her way slowly through the islands lying off the coast. She berthed just outside the harbour wall at eight o'clock. And a moment later, the town was reverberating with the boom of her guns as she fired two salutes: a national salute in honour of Yugoslavia, and a Head of State's salute to Marshal Tito, who himself arrived in Split that day. An hour later, the Admiral's barge was

speeding its way across the harbour towards the steps in the middle of the half-mile-long quay (the Tito quay, it is now called) below the British consulate. There, our Ambassador, impressive in his cocked hat and full diplomatic uniform, was waiting to greet the Commander-in-Chief. By the time the Admiral arrived, a vast crowd had collected along the quayside. And as Sir John Edleston saluted gravely and then warmly shook the Ambassador's hand, that crowd broke into a great burst of clapping.

I could not help thinking, as I watched them, how amazingly things have been changing in Yugoslavia in the past three years. For this naval visit was much more than a simple exchange of diplomatic courtesies. It was the first formal and public acknowledgment of its kind of the fact that Yugoslavia and Britain are now once again friends and



Marshal Tito inspecting a guard of honour of Royal Marines when he visited H.M.S. *Liverpool* at Split, last month

may one day be allies. And that apparently perfectly ordinary and sensible state of affairs would have been absolutely unthinkable before 1948. For until then, till Tito's sudden and dramatic break with Moscow, Yugoslavia was Russia's model satellite, and Tito himself—so far as the outside world could judge—one of Stalin's most loyal disciples. In those days, too, Britain—so Yugoslav propagandists told their people—was an enemy, a warmonger, an imperialist aggressor. But it was clear to see that those slogans from the Russian repertoire had had little effect on the ordinary people. For here at Split was their first public chance to show where their real feelings lay. And they certainly took full advantage of it in their warm, spontaneous welcome to the British Commander-in-Chief.

The first call the Admiral made, after a brief visit to the British consulate, was to the civic authorities of the town of Split and the President of the Dalmatian People's Committee. They exchanged greetings with their visitors over glasses of *slivovits*—the local Yugoslav plum brandy—in the President's office in the impressive new government building on the outskirts of the town. And it soon became clear that the welcome the Navy had already had from the general public was going to be repeated on the official level. But one thing did puzzle me throughout the visit. Until after *Liverpool* had actually reached Split, no word was said in the Yugoslav press about her. That day, the local paper alone carried one small paragraph announcing her arrival. But up to the time I left for London, no Yugoslav newspaper, nor the Belgrade radio, gave any report of Marshal Tito's subsequent visit to the flagship. What the reason was, I never really fathomed.

At half-past ten, the Admiral went back to *Liverpool*, and a little later, the Ambassador went out to return his call, being piped on board

with traditional naval ceremonial. His visit was followed by the Dalmatian President, and then the Yugoslav naval Commander-in-Chief. But the big moment of the day was Marshal Tito's inspection of the ship. He arrived three-quarters of an hour earlier than he was officially expected, and the ship's company had less than three minutes' warning of the change. But by the time his powerful, mahogany-coloured launch was drawing alongside, officers and ratings were lining the ship's side in spotless whites, the ship's detachment of Royal Marines were drawn up in a guard of honour on the quarter-deck, and the Admiral and his staff stood ready to receive him.

Marshal Tito was certainly an impressive, military figure, in his smart dove-grey uniform and scarlet-banded peaked cap, as he came over the side to the shrill whistle of the bosun's pipe, and then stood solemnly saluting while the Marine band played the Yugoslav and British national anthems. I wondered if he was recalling then the earlier occasion when he had been the Royal Navy's guest. That was seven years ago, during the final months of the German occupation of his country. Then, the partisan army he had created was still desperately fighting for liberation. A British destroyer had taken him back from Italy—where he had escaped after the capture of his headquarters in the mountains by German parachutists—to his new base on the island of Vis, only a few miles out to sea from Split. But all that must have seemed very long ago to Marshal Tito, as he stood there in the sunlight, on *Liverpool's* quarter-deck, the first head of a communist state ever to go aboard a British flagship. He stayed for more than an hour, inspecting the ship's company, examining her guns and equipment, and chatting, over a glass of champagne, in the Admiral's cabin.

I had last seen Marshal Tito at an interview he gave me in his private house in Belgrade in February of this year. He looked to me, despite his recent operation—or possibly because of it—a fitter, healthier man than then. And he showed no sign of the strain under which he has been living since July 1948, with the constant pressure from Russia or Russia's satellites hanging over his country, and the tremendous problems he still faces in his task of gradually leading Yugoslavia away from Stalinist dictatorship towards a freer, more democratic system.

New Out of Africa—IV

Two Cities of Western Nigeria

By PATRICK O'DONOVAN

THERE was a procession coming out of the palace. At first it looked like any crowd pushing happily out of a stadium, and then it took shape and moved slowly across the pale and papery grass. A new and minor chief had just been confirmed in his office by the Oba or King of the ancient city of Benin in Western Nigeria.

First there came a very serious little boy who carried a sword upright like a processional cross, a broad, fretted sword of no conceivable use, and he kept glancing over his shoulder to see if the procession were following. Then came the new chief. He had on a sort of ballet skirt of starched white linen. He wore a collar of pink coral and there were strings of coral at his wrists and ankles and strung across his naked chest like bandoliers. Each of his arms lay on the shoulders of a young man, for here great men go supported in public. Behind him followed a little mob of men. Some of them carried large embroidered umbrellas which they twirled and tossed in the air. Others beat drums and danced a little. Another carried the stool of office on his head. They moved pressed together, shouting and singing and glistening with sweat.

There was a discreet gap, and then came a platoon of women. They walked in neat ranks, their long print dresses sweeping the dust. They sang a melancholy little song, clapping their hands in a bored way. They looked cross, all of them, and indeed two or three of them were quarrelling violently. With frequent pauses the procession crept noisily across the dead grass and disappeared down a side street to pay a series of formal calls. And all the rest of that blazing day, I kept coming across it, dancing outside some great man's house or simply crossing the far end of a market, and the platoon of women still sang crossly and privately to themselves.

The life of the city went swirling round this state progress as if it had been a line of lorries. Benin is somehow one of the strangest cities

Earlier that afternoon, Marshal Tito had been host at a small luncheon party at his villa, two miles up the coast. His guests were the Admiral, a few of his senior naval officers, and the Ambassador. The Admiral told us afterwards that the whole affair had been much more like a family party than an official occasion. Tito himself had been in excellent spirits and most cordial to his guests. The friendly atmosphere of the Marshal's lunch party persisted in all the official receptions and meals which followed during the next two days. The officers who went to them all came back delighted with the friendliness and hospitality they had been shown. And the ratings, too, for whom the Yugoslavs arranged a series of tours in Split and its neighbourhood, and most of whom spent one or two evenings on shore leave in the town, returned equally pleased at the obviously friendly feelings of the local people. The good relations the Navy had so quickly established with the citizens of Split even survived two sporting events both of which ended in disaster for the Navy. They were heavily defeated at water polo and again at football, where they lost 11-0. But it is only fair to add that the Yugoslavs produced, as opponents for them, two of the crack teams of the country. They did not stand a chance.

One way and another, *Liverpool's* officers and ratings spent a good part of the visit ashore. But it was by no means a one-sided matter. On the second day, when the ship was open to visitors, no fewer than 2,200 people came aboard during a few hours. And every evening, the Tito quay was again crowded with friendly, curious people, watching the liberty boats plying between the cruiser and the town, and leaving no doubt about their sentiments towards the Royal Navy.

But all too quickly the three days were up. Early on Friday morning, *Liverpool* weighed anchor and set sail for new assignments. Next summer, no doubt, the Mediterranean flagship will again be calling in at the Dalmatian coast, perhaps this time with other units of the Fleet. The visit did indeed mark a real turning point in Anglo-Yugoslav relations. And perhaps its meaning was best summed up by an old man I met on the quayside on the morning of the departure. 'The British Navy has been back again at last', he said. 'Now we *know* things are really getting back to normal'.—*Home Service*

I have ever visited. It stands in what feels like a flat clearing in the forest. The trees seem to press against the frail suburbs and you see them, tall and listless, like a dark wall at the end of streets. The air is still and hot and everything is quickly growing or richly dying. Benin is built of earth the colour of dried blood. The houses are capped with corrugated iron, and sometimes they are run one into another to make a honeycomb of rooms and yards, housing several related families. But to the world in the street they present blank worn faces that tell nothing of what is inside. The rains have washed their corners smooth and worn down their earthen pillars, and the walls rise up like anthills, part of the earth on which they stand. Many are in ruins because it is often easier to rebuild than to repair, and young trees grow out of the dead houses. They have dark verandahs like little caverns, and through their low doors and down their blood-red streets there moves a host of cheerful men in white and coloured robes, a huge multicoloured crowd, talking at the tops of their voices, quick to anger and as proud as any Roman. That neat and antiseptic quarter where the government officials, white and black, live in pleasant villas set upon lawns, seems part of a different world—as indeed it is.

The ruler of this city lives in a palace. It is a huge, ramshackle sprawl of rooms and courtyards, sometimes of mud, sometimes of iron, and sometimes of brick. It has no overweening gateway but looks secretly inward like the rest of the city. Late one night I was taken to see the Oba, or at least to visit him. He was sitting alone in darkness in a room that was lit only by a hurricane lamp left on the verandah outside his door. The room was quite bare, just two cane chairs, and the Oba sat dressed in white, discernible in a corner, a man with a deep chuckly voice who had just come back from England and who preferred to ask questions rather than answer them. Today his powers are very limited. In the new Nigeria he is a sort of permanent chairman of the

county council. But his predecessors ruled this rich forest kingdom with generous powers of life and death, boasted of diplomatic relations with the King of Portugal, resisted the arrival of the British who in the end captured this place, marching down an avenue of crucified slaves set there as medicine to prevent their approach. And this place has produced some of the most lovely carving and bronze work ever to come out of Africa. Benin has not lost its traditions and even today it keeps itself to itself, somehow wraps itself in secretiveness so that you feel you know nothing of the place when you leave. Indeed, it has little time even for the other nationalist leaders of Nigeria.

It is only one of many such cities in Western Nigeria or Yorubaland,



Procession in Benin after the confirmation in office of a new chief (centre) by the Oba

which itself only represents a quarter of this enormous country. For Nigeria is an assembly of many different peoples, 30,000,000 of them, and its frontiers were cut arbitrarily out of the western side of Africa by alien treaty makers. There is the huge northern half, where the Moslem Hausas dress in white robes that hang from their shoulders in straight folds to the ground, who pace through their dry earthen cities where every building looks 1,000 years old as soon as it is finished, where they live like austere princes among half-naked, blue-black pagans and are a little impatient of too much talk of democracy. And then there is Eastern Nigeria, where there is Greek appetite for politics and where they are learning new ways with an almost frightening rapidity, living in family groups in walled farms under the trees.

This collection of peoples is becoming a nation. It is certainly as different from East and Central Africa as is England from Spain. For a stranger, too many places in Africa today leave behind a sort of small, still despair. It is possible to admire those empty spaces, the naked hills and sudden mountains; it is easy to admire the tribesmen living their disciplined lives in this hard land, but you must also watch the world encroaching and undermining their customs and way of life, and often putting little or nothing in their place except a sort of bewildered anger. There is still the unsolved problem of how the white and the black are to live side by side for the future; it seems you must either take it for granted that the Europeans are for ever set above the others, or else see a troubled future with the Africans for ever demanding and the Europeans refusing, their friction leaving a running sore that prohibits all healthy growth. But here in Nigeria, the Africans still own the land and quite clearly have a tradition and a culture of their own.

The usual African *clichés* just do not fit Nigeria. Some of its people are certainly primitive, but its leaders are often men of high European education who have not lost touch with their own people and their ways. Just now it is electing a new government under a new constitution, and it stands within measurable distance of a self-government as real as Southern Rhodesia's. Its people are healthily divided among themselves. Certainly every man you meet wants changes and wants them quickly and badly. They are nationalists but they are not eaten up with that

dreary bitterness, that whining self-righteousness, that can make patriotism an ugly thing.

I remember that the almost continual sense of surprise that the stranger feels in this country reached its climax for me when I visited a provincial town called Abeokuta. It lies lightly upon several worn hills, a huge shapeless huddle of square two-storey houses, restless with fretwork and balconies and shuttered windows, stupefied with the sun. This is the capital for some 600,000 Africans. For twenty-eight years or so the ruler or Alake of this place had been very nearly absolute. Politics came into his kingdom like an epidemic into a walled city. There were riots and so he went into exile; he was away twenty-eight months and then he returned, and that Sunday they were welcoming him back to Abeokuta.

There was a thanksgiving service in the church dedicated to St. Peter. It is a poor, bare place, with fittings of the cheapest brass, and naked electric light bulbs. But it was packed with people. Men bulged through the windows. Shy women sat in flowery clusters round the doors. We waited, and then suddenly a police band playing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' came marching round the bend and up the hill and behind them in a car sat the Alake. A tall, old man, he wore a heavy vestment of crimson velvet covered with embroidery. He carried a rich fly whisk and on his head a tall bulbous crown like a Byzantine bishop's, thickly sewn with beads which are the symbol of authority. Umbrellas were opened. Bugles were sounded, and from the church there came a great gust of singing.

The service went on for three hours. The assistant Bishop of Lagos, himself an African, preached in Yoruba for over an hour. Every now and again a neighbouring king or chief would arrive late and push his way into the church. Some of them came walking, exhausted after twenty miles' trailing up the hill with their buglers and umbrella bearers. Some came in cars. One young man I knew as a successful lawyer got out of his car which was crammed with his family. He was wearing a surprising robe. 'Where's my crown?' he said, and they passed him out a sort of beaded mitre and he set it on his head and swept into the church.

The Moslem subjects of the Alake sat gossiping under a tree in the churchyard until it was all over. The men of substance, merchants and lawyers and land owners, graduates some of them from Oxford and London, wore wide robes of silk and satin whose sleeves reached the ground. One of them had been to prison for several months for sedition, a cheerful fellow, and he seemed to have every intention of going there again. They wore gold chains round their necks and their fingers were covered with rings. Court officials and rich men walked up and down in the dust with little silk bonnets on their heads, trailing their fantastic splendours like the senators of some classical black republic. They bowed and greeted one another with exact ceremony, while the sun grew stronger and the crowd larger and the



The Alake of Abeokuta (third from right) among other Nigerian rulers, when a thanksgiving service was held on his return from exile

Photographs: Patrick O'Donovan

noise drowned the sermon inside. Then it ended. Behind a brass cross, the Alake came out into the sun. Umbrellas opened and all the bugles were sounded. On the far side of the crowd the band started up a faint pringling tune. Drummers began their disturbing rhythms. The dust and the din and the shouting rose round the old man's head. Chiefs and kings pushed slowly out of the church. And all together

in a cloud of dust and noise and heat, with a waving of umbrellas and a tossing of staves, the rich silks mingling with the singlets and the shaved heads, they moved slowly away round the corner back to the palace. And then a man came out and wedged the church door shut, and the heavy afternoon settled over the rust-red town like a coverlet across a sleeping man.—*Home Service*

Dangers of Indirect Rule in West Africa

By JAMES WELCH

I HAVE just been reading Lord Hailey's new report on *Native Administration in the British African Territories**: no, not 'reading'—that is an exaggeration; I have been reading most of it, and all the fourth volume, which is a general survey of the whole system of native administration. Not many people will read all of it: but the four volumes will become text-books for Governors, Residents, District Officers, and Commissioners, and colonial cadets in training. It is impossible to exaggerate the debt our colonial administration, and Africans, will owe to Lord Hailey for this splendid piece of work. In these four volumes we have up-to-date and detailed accounts of the countries, social structures, and native administrations in all their branches, of nearly all the dependent territories in British Africa.

In a real sense, what is on trial in British tropical Africa today is our British way of life, our British values, and, more particularly of course, our British methods of colonial government. They are on trial among peoples steadily moving towards independence and self-government. They are on trial too against the coming appeal of communism. What happens in these African territories, at present being ruled from our Colonial Office, but all being prepared for self-government, will greatly affect the general balance of power in our modern world, and our own fortunes and our own lives in this country: and even more affect the African peoples in those territories.

Lord Hailey's report gives us therefore a special reason for considering what is happening in British tropical Africa today. And I want to talk here about what is happening. I am not a government servant. I never have been. I have spent some years in East and West Africa, and visited Central Africa. For some years I was in intimate touch with one African tribe, living close to them in their villages. Recently I have been in touch with the more educated African at the university, who will soon be a leader in his country. And, so far as possible, giving what is admittedly a personal point of view, I want to try to see British colonial administration through the eyes of an educated African. For, though the Hailey Report is intended for and will be a boon to the British administration, we must remember that it is the African who is mostly concerned with what this Report says; it is his country, and his people, who are to be administered.

The Report deals with native administration, which is one activity of, and often another name for, Indirect Rule. The impression is often given that all is lovely in the garden of Indirect Rule. But unless great qualifications are made, that is not so—as an African or District Officer in the bush well knows. Let us try to see it through the eyes of an African. Broadly speaking, African society is gerontocratic, i.e., status, function, and ruling power are tied to age. The chief status, and the most power, are reserved for the old. The main exception to this, obviously, is 'royal' birth or hereditary rule in those clans and tribes which still preserve a dynasty—for example, the Baganda people in Uganda where the Kabaka (king) may be young; but, as Lord Hailey makes clear, the royal ruler in Africa is not an autocrat: he is advised, sometimes even controlled by, the old and wise men of the clan or tribe—he is *rex in curia*. African society through the centuries evolved the system of placing power in the hands of the old. Age is greatly respected; the old men have normally ruled.

When we British went to Africa, mostly in the nineteenth century, and became a colonial power ruling millions of Africans, we went from a largely industrialised society in which the race was mostly to the swift and the efficient, or to the wealthy. Title and birth were becoming less important; and advanced years an embarrassment. The first impact of British on African society was therefore the impact of a society governed by efficiency on a society governed by old age. And, in my

judgment and experience, African society has never recovered from the clash. For, in many parts, the first thing the British did was to look for Africans who were efficient to help in the task of ruling. We did not normally look for people who were old.

This, our first system of ruling, was loosely called Direct Rule. Where strong dynasties or chieftaincies were found, as in the Emirates of Northern Nigeria, the genius of a Lugard placed British power behind the emirs provided they ruled without offending our ideas of justice and morality; where we were called in to preserve law and order, as in Uganda, we supported whatever local dynasty was in power, again provided our ideas of justice and morality were not affronted. Such a territory was called a protectorate, not a colony—and often what we 'protected' the people against was not aggression from outside so much as feuds and chaos from within.

But Direct Rule, and also, later, Indirect Rule, can be most clearly seen in those African territories where there were no powerful dynasties, no native system considered adequate, or where, owing to ignorance of anthropology, the local and indigenous organs of government were not recognised. In such areas the average District Officer was told to 'rule'; and his first task was to find efficient Africans in his district. These were appointed to posts of responsibility, and called warrant officers. They held this office and exercised this power, by a warrant; and both office and power could be withdrawn by withdrawing the warrant. They were not appointed by their own society nor were they necessarily representative of their own society. They represented the District Officer, i.e. they represented the foreign power of the conqueror and ruler.

It is important here to understand the 'make-up' of African tribal society. Let us take as one concrete example an African tribe in the delta of Nigeria which I happen to know fairly intimately, and where I saw both Direct and Indirect Rule in action. In that society, as in African society in general, all aspects of life are inextricably interwoven; it is not, for example, possible to separate economics, religion, land-tenure, kinship groupings and so on. Their golden rule may be briefly expressed by saying 'All who worship together, eat together, and work together'. And in that society a boy moves up to status and office by seniority; and the older he is, the more power he has. At the top are the elders, with or without a 'king' or 'priest-king' (usually the best description) or 'chief'. They—or one of them—control the fetish on which oaths are taken; they—or one of them—usually represent the eponymous ancestor of the clan or tribe; and they allot the clan land each year, open and close fishing ponds and palm oil forests, regulate markets, make laws, settle disputes, and so on. They are the legislators—the final authority. Below them, waiting to step into their shoes by age and deaths, are the executive officers of the clan or village; and these are the men who carry out the orders of the elders and chief.

Inevitably, these executive officers are younger, more vigorous, more ambitious. And under British Direct Rule, in the areas I have described, these were the men usually chosen by the British District Officer to execute his orders. The District Officer looked for youth, vigour, competence, efficiency, and, quite often, for literacy and for some knowledge of the English language. But these qualifications were precisely those which the elders did not and could not have. The elders, the traditional rulers of the clan, were often virtually superseded; many of them withdrew from public life; some hid themselves for very shame; and some were mocked by the impertinent young.

It is often said, and the Hailey Report repeats it, that Indirect Rule owes much to the genius of Lord Lugard in Nigeria and of Sir Donald

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Cameron in Tanganyika. That is true. But in the part of Africa best known to me, Direct Rule broke down, and Indirect Rule was started partly because, when the native tax was first introduced, the Warrant Officers, who were not the natural and accepted rulers of the people, were powerless to make the people pay the hated tax. The system of Direct Rule, when put to the crucial test of collecting taxes, failed. The new system of Indirect Rule was therefore introduced. It was believed that, by introducing Indirect Rule, and by reinstating and working through the natural and traditional rulers of the people, and making them collect the tax, the people would pay. And this point is of great importance in reading the Hailey Report, for, as Lord Hailey says, the collection and distribution of taxes is a crucial test of native administration, and possibly the best agent in the training of Africans to administer their own local authorities, and, ultimately, their own countries.

Too Rapid a Swing of the Pendulum

But, having avoided, just in time, the Scylla of Direct Rule, British colonial policy in my area, by too rapid a swing of the pendulum, and because the implications of the change were not—could not—be seen, seemed to be heading straight for the Charybdis of Indirect Rule. It was one thing to attract aged rulers from hiding in the bush, sometimes men in their dotage, and to put them back in positions of authority and power, supported by the British Raj, and paid out of revenue to rule; it was a totally different thing to get them to rule efficiently in a society disintegrating and in transition, and to rule according to our ideas of morality and justice. They could govern, and had governed, in accordance with the ideas of African tribal society, and by sanctions—ultimately religious—accepted by African tribal society. But could they now govern behind the resurrected facade of African society, in accordance with our ideas, and by religious sanctions which were being undermined by our rationalism and our encouragement of western education?

Positively, at one stroke, *e.g.*, the indigenous rulers were told that witches were not to be put to death, twins were not to be thrown to bush, thieves were not to have their eyes blinded by boiling oil, and so on; but all these, and many similar customs, had deep roots in African society. The African rulers believed that witches kill children; what they had now to accept was that they were not to rid their tribe of these evil people. In a word, they could rule, but they could only rule according to British ideas of morality and justice—and very unsound and illogical those ideas often seemed to the African. British support for pagan religious sanctions was already insincere to the African, because the African was shrewd enough to see that the British totally disbelieved in the truth of African religion. The African could see that Indirect Rule was being weakened by a policy which supported it in theory, but in reality undermined it by the encouragement of the 'acids' of rational western education. One cannot, in logic, both give artificial stimulus to paganism and encourage schooling.

There is a further point about Indirect Rule and native administration in Africa: it does not enjoy the wholehearted confidence of the young and middle-aged literate. They know they have education, ability and energy; they know they are often more competent than the old elders; and yet under the indigenous forms of government they are often denied both power and opportunity. Two unfortunate results follow: first, some of them start opposition designed to undermine and alter the indigenous forms of local government supported by the British Raj, and do so under the banner of democratic ideas we British have taught them; and second, some of the best young ability in the country is diverted away from local native administration into national politics. Indeed, most of the so-called agitationists, the men who demand 'self-government now' (the famous three initials S.G.N.), are young men who can find little scope in local government for their energies and ability. Both these results are important, and both are potentially dangerous. We must not be tempted to impose a too doctrinaire version of Indirect Rule—though it is only fair to say that this romanticised version of Indirect Rule or native administration is more likely to be found among people in this country, in parliamentary debates on colonial affairs, and in the minds of M.P.s who pay rapid and short visits to our African colonies; it is not found among working administrative officers in the field.

Lord Hailey collected the data for his report in the field, and he sees this danger clearly. He wisely insists both that the indigenous organs of local government differ from territory to territory in a bewildering

complexity, and also that native administration must be a flexible method of government because conditions change rapidly and radically from year to year. A method devised, for example, by Lugard for the Emirates of Northern Nigeria, will not do for the animistic clans of Eastern Nigeria; and methods forced on us by the Buganda kingdom in Uganda cannot be applied to all Uganda. The picture of native administration we get from studying its organs, powers and methods in the ten African territories he covers is therefore one of great complexity, and I am sure one of the greatest values of the Hailey Report is that it will show to British administrators in one colony what is happening in the other nine. This is knowledge that is greatly needed, and which has not been easily available until this report was published.

The method of Direct Rule we have abandoned. The method of Indirect Rule we are in principle still supporting, but our Colonial Office and administrators in the field realise we do not mean by Indirect Rule what we meant twenty years ago. There are certainly two schools of thought in British Colonial Africa. One school feels that the only possible and legitimate way of ruling is through indigenous and traditional organs of government, and that they can be made flexible enough to adapt themselves to new conditions. The other school believes that a system based ultimately on religious sanctions and on age may not survive in an Africa so deeply and increasingly influenced by European rationalism, education and democracy. Alongside these two schools of thought can be seen a new activity—that of community development. This is probably one of the most interesting things happening in the colonial field today, though it is being tried out only in a few localities yet and cannot suit every community; in this, the local people themselves, actually and physically, undertake to provide themselves with what they want—whether it is a road, a clinic, anti-erosion measures, a school or whatever. The government gives advice and financial help only at the point where real intention is shown and indeed at least partly carried out. Here the desire for advancement as taught by western education is married to the indigenous idea of group activity, or tribal responsibility: the government remaining in the background. Having planted the seed of progress, we are, in community development, throwing back to the people the responsibility for cultivating it and showing how far they want to accept or reject it. This scheme gives an opportunity for the young and educated African to lead and give technical advice to his own people in his own community.

Land, Health and Young Constitutions

Meanwhile, colonial policy is concerned with far more than the future of native administration—though Lord Hailey can do no more than hint at this. On the one hand we are addressing ourselves to the basic problems of land or of health. Of land because no suitable system of government can be built in a country where people are hungry: of health because little of value can be done among a people crippled by disease. On the other hand we are hastening the growth of young constitutions—steps on the road to self-government. Already in the Gold Coast a large measure of self-government has been won under the Coussey Constitution, and elections are now taking place in Nigeria, where the Macpherson Constitution will be in operation early in 1952.

Yet in a real sense both these hark back to local government anti-erosion measures. Better agriculture (and ninety per cent. of Africans live on or by the land), together with social and preventive medicine, must be applied locally, and in the realm of new constitutions, British democratic ideas have insisted that the common people by primary elections must be consulted—locally. I myself think that Lord Hailey pays too little attention, in his report, to the growing influence of the educated, ambitious and frustrated young. It is commonly believed by the African that, splendid though the British administrator is with the more primitive peoples in the bush, he is not good with the young political leader. Be that as it may, it is clear that if we insist too rigidly on using the old and traditional rulers, and so drive away from native administration the educated young, local government will suffer, and national political parties be too much at the mercy of men who have not graduated in local government experience.

I put down the Hailey Report with a picture in my mind of a host of complex problems facing our colonial administration; and with a large admiration for a body of British administrators second to none in Colonial Africa.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*

The publication of the series of broadcast talks entitled 'A Settlement with Russia?' will be completed after the General Election.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Egyptian treaty

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Letter-writing

LETTER-WRITING, they say, is a lost art. This may be so. One could think of a good many reasons why it should be so—the pace of modern life, the lack of leisure, the convenience of the telephone and so forth. On the other hand the pleasure we derive from reading letters (other than those reaching us from the collector of taxes) still remains. What is the explanation? What is there about letters that makes us want to read them? One of the chief causes, it may be suggested, is human curiosity. Letters are of all documents the most personal; and just as we all like hearing about the details of other people's lives (the story has to be very boringly told not to interest us), so there is a natural, if not an entirely praiseworthy, satisfaction in reading other people's letters. How far letters of an intimate character, letters that not only were never intended for publication but were such that the writer would have been acutely embarrassed or even horrified at the thought of publication—how far and after what lapse of time and in what circumstances letters of this kind should be published is always a difficult question. But in general letters are a most particular form of writing, and however much the nature of a good letter may baffle definition, the degree to which personality is conveyed certainly comes into it.

Hugo Wolf, we learn from Mr. Frank Walker's talk reproduced on another page, 'had the ability, the interior need, to put himself down on paper with immediacy and no equivocation'. Mr. Humphry House in his talk on Dickens' letters (also appearing in our columns this week) alludes to Dickens' personality and the way that this power appears most in his letters. 'Even for the ordinary reader', says Mr. House, 'the view of his personality could never be complete without seeing day after day the streaming energy of his correspondence in bulk and in detail'. It is this sense of a living personality—be it gay or prosy, witty or pompous—that we look for first, last, and all the time in letters. The subject of the letter may be anything from absolutism to avarice, from zanies to zymology; the style may be colloquial or measured or anything in between; the mood may be fanciful or gloomy, bantering or spiteful. But so long as the letter be a real letter—that is to say one intended at all events in the first place for the person to whom it is addressed and preferably for his or her eyes alone—personality stands a better chance of being revealed in letters than in any other kind of writing. For, as Mr. Christopher Morley says somewhere, 'it is chiefly—perhaps only—in letters that one gets the mother-of-pearl shimmer inside the oyster of fact'. Is it for this reason and because personality is more readily conveyed in all that belongs to the sensitive side of life and depends so much for its flowering on observation and intuition, that the most entertaining letters are more often than not those that are written by women?

But if private letter-writing has suffered a decline, the art of public letter-writing is, we are happy to observe, still vigorously practised. There are those who declare, with truth, that they never write to the papers, and among their reasons for not doing so may be their desire to withhold from view that very element—the revelation of personality—which contributes most to a good letter, even to a public letter. But whatever the reasons (and they obviously are manifold) one might hazard the guess that the first item many readers of newspapers and periodicals turn to, whether or not they are given to writing letters themselves, is the correspondence page. Certainly not the least rewarding part of an editor's function is the reading and selecting for publication of other people's letters.

EGYPT'S DECISION to abrogate her treaty with Britain was the main topic for commentators last week. In France, all except the communist newspapers quoted expressed support for Britain's attitude, and many papers pleaded, in particular, for a united British, French and United States policy in the Middle East. As the conservative *Le Figaro* put it:

It is high time that an effective solidarity prevailed over rivalries which today are an admission of weakness.

The socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as pointing out that the super-nationalists in Egypt are wealthy landowners who are trying to distract the people's attention from their poverty by inciting them against foreigners. The Radical *L'Aurore* was one of several papers pointing to the potential danger in Egypt's action:

Arab countries are waving the flag of independence, but we know that they are incapable of ensuring their existence either politically or economically... Europe must realise that its fate is at stake and that without being able to exercise control in the Mediterranean it would lose all power. It now depends on joint British and French firmness to keep a balance necessary for peace.

Another radical newspaper, *La Dépêche de Midi*, was quoted as urging the Western Powers that they must on no account leave the route to India and Asia under the control of the Egyptian Government, which has declared itself indifferent to the defence of the Middle East and to communist imperialism.

In the United States, most leading papers were quoted as expressing support for Britain's attitude. The *New York Times* stated:

If the British, who are our strongest allies, are driven from Egypt, the position of the democratic west in the cold war would be dangerously weakened.

In India the *Hindustan Times* described the Egyptian Government's action as unfortunate and inopportune:

Egypt should have waited for the latest British proposals for meeting her national aspirations within the framework of the Middle Eastern security.

From other parts of the Commonwealth, editorial opinion was quoted as calling on Britain to stand firm, and promising full support. Thus, the New Zealand *Auckland Star* commented:

The whole British Commonwealth is affected by the Egyptian treaty-breaking move—Australia and New Zealand not least. We are committed in the event of another war to send troops to the Middle East again. Are we to stand by and see positions of strength filched from us now, and then have to win them back? The only chance of stopping Egypt is by a plain and strong declaration that the existing treaty will stand unaltered until a new one has been freely negotiated, that Britain will concede nothing to Egyptian threats, and that if necessary she will uphold her treaty rights by force.

A similar attitude was taken by the whole Australian press; and the *Melbourne Sun* was quoted as pointing out that Britain has in Egypt adequate forces to withstand the bluster of a corrupt government intent on diverting attention from its own incompetence.

Press comment quoted from the Arab states of the Middle East claimed that the Arab world welcomed Egypt's action. This press comment from neighbouring countries was eagerly quoted by Cairo radio, which also reported the statements made on behalf of the Arab League Political Committee by the Jordan representative and Azzam Pasha. The broadcast then asked:

Can the Governor-General of the Sudan claim after today that Britain seeks to achieve self-government for the Sudanese now that Egypt has announced this daring legislation and Britain refuses to grant a democratic constitution?... Egyptian-Sudanese-British relations have entered a new phase requiring the closing of ranks and the unity of effort of all the peoples of the Nile valley.

Another Cairo broadcast claimed that 'international society' could only bless Egypt's attitude, because she sought only 'to untie the fetters which have prevented the peoples of the Nile Valley from fulfilling their duties in the service of peace and the prosperity of all mankind'.

Moscow broadcasts concentrated on the familiar thesis of Anglo-United States rivalry in the Middle East. The Soviet home public was told:

The accord between the ruling circles of the United States and Egypt is not without reason, for through Egypt's territory runs the Suez Canal, coveted by the United States imperialists.

Did You Hear That?

THE BREAK-UP OF FAMILY LIFE

'IN BRITAIN AND in most western countries, many people are getting very worried about what is generally called the "break-up of the family"', said GEOFFREY GORER in 'London Calling Asia'. 'There are many signs of unhappiness and maladjustments. Divorce is on the increase; the number of illegitimate children is high; and there are professional marriage counsellors and family guidance clinics to try to help the unhappy.'

'The simplest family—what we anthropologists call the nuclear family—consists of a man and his wife and their unmarried children. The nuclear family is very rare, if you study the whole world; fifty years ago an anthropologist would have said that you only find it among very primitive people in very poor country, where the game or wild fruits are so sparse that it takes a large area to support even a single nuclear family. In kinder climates, or when people had learned to cultivate the ground and domesticate animals, there was nearly always more than one adult of each sex who was included in the family'.

After discussing the possible bonds in a nuclear family, GEOFFREY GORER said that up to the end of the eighteenth century the father-son bond was the most important. By the end of the nineteenth century, 'except in a few agricultural areas and among the older aristocracy, the bond between husband and wife—the bond of sexual love—was considered paramount over all others. So weak is the bond between parent and child today that a married man or woman who has to share a house with aged parents is generally regarded as an object of pity; "living with in-laws"—that is, the parents of either husband or wife—is generally thought to threaten the marriage bond and to be a tragedy to be prevented if possible. Nowadays all governments of all parties are committed to building enough houses or flats so that each nuclear family can live on its own. Small houses or flats are to be built for old people who can live alone without interfering with the marriage bond. This probably appears strange to those who live in the East, where the family unit often boasts several generations living in the same household. In western Europe none of the bonds between brothers and sisters has ever had much importance, and has little now, except in individual cases. The family in western Europe is again reduced to the nuclear family—husband and wife and small children; and this nuclear family is probably smaller than it ever was before. Family limitation is widespread; despite state aid, young children in towns are an expense for many years; and it is no longer of paramount importance to have a son to carry on the family name.'

'Western society has broken down again into its smallest possible unit. But life today is far more complicated than it was for the primitive hunters and food-gatherers; enormous stress and great responsibilities are laid on this single bond, and it often breaks under the strain, with the consequence that the number of divorces is increasing all the time. A woman in western Europe has less freedom in a "house of her own" than her ancestors ever had in large households; single-handed she has to keep house, market, cook, clothe and look after her children. As in so many other revolutions for freedom, the old constraints which have been destroyed have been replaced by different but possibly greater constraints. All the modern inventions for help in domestic work, for

the factory and for entertainment, cannot do away with the sense of loneliness in the individual man and woman, and it is this sense of loneliness which is the greatest menace to happiness in the cities of western Europe, and which is the almost inevitable result of the transformation of the western family'.

BANANA DAY IN JAMAICA

Speaking of her experiences when visiting Jamaica to take photographs of the people and the banana plantations, before the recent terrible destruction by the hurricane, ERICA KOCH said in a Home Service talk:



A reaper, with one of his runners, in a Jamaican banana plantation

Erica Koch

'There were hundreds and hundreds of banana trees growing in long rows, and each tree grows small shoots, called suckers. These suckers are the new banana trees. One tree carries one huge stem of bananas, which has a purple blossom at the end of the stem. There were fields planted out with young suckers, and men and women weeding between the plants. In other places were huge trees, spreading out their big green leaves, and the deep purple blossom looked lovely against the bright green of the fruit.'

'One evening I heard the blowing of a horn, and was told that means "tomorrow is banana day". All the small settlers and plantation owners know that next day a banana ship is coming in and that they can reap their fruit. So I got up early, picked up my camera, loaded films in my pocket, and off we went. First we met men and women walking very fast or running along the path, loaded with bananas. We were trying to find the people who actually reap the stems, and suddenly we heard a lot of noise, deep inside the plantation, so we went in that direction. There were workers shouting at each other, gesticulating and picking up huge stems of bananas. The men cut down a whole tree with a cutlass, that is, a big knife with a slight bend in it—all Jamaicans use it for their work on the land. It was thrilling to see them cut down a tree with one hand and catch it with the other, lopping off the bananas while the tree is falling, and taking great care not to bruise the fruit. The delightful purple blossom is cut off as well. Each man who cuts a tree has several runners—these were the workers I had met on the way. They pick up the bananas, and carry them to a collecting place, sometimes as far distant as half a mile. Each of them carries two to three stems at a time, two on his head and one under his arm'.

WHY THE GOLDEN EAGLE HAS BECOME RARE

'There are probably two main reasons why the golden eagle became rare', explained DR. MAURICE BURTON in a Home Service talk. 'The first is that it occasionally kills a lamb, and it seems that some hill farmers are, or were, liable to think that every dead lamb had been killed by a golden eagle, with the further result that they shot every one they could, that is, up to the time the bird was protected by law. And then as it grew scarcer, so its eggs were worth more, and egg-collectors began to take their toll, too. The final result was that the bird became rare in Britain.'

'To most of us the golden eagle is as legendary as the phoenix, largely because it is a bird of the mountains and not many of us go right in among the peaks. It is certainly supreme among British birds—powerful, magnificent and yet graceful in flight as it soars on out-

stretched wings. It may weigh as much as thirteen pounds, and measures six to eight feet across the wings. One golden eagle, shot a couple of hundred years ago, had a wing span of more than eleven feet, that is, about twice the height of an average-sized man. Both cock and hen are very much alike: on the head and neck are bright, rufous-brown feathers edged and tipped with tawny shades, giving the bird the golden appearance from which it gets its name.

It has a reputation for ferocity. There have been reports from other countries of the golden eagle carrying off young children and farmyard animals, and any number of reports of attacks on aircraft. But there are bandits in all species of birds, and the eagle is far from fierce and is not a bandit like some much smaller birds of prey. Its usual food is red grouse and blue hares, young deer, foxes, wild cats, dogs, rabbits, rats, stoats and an occasional lamb.

When the golden eagle grew rare, it was put on the Protected List, and in course of time public opinion swung very much to the side of this beautiful bird. For example, recently a gamekeeper in Scotland found a golden eagle caught in a trap set for foxes and, instead of shooting it as he undoubtedly would have done years ago, he threw his coat over it to protect his hands from the bird's vicious beak, and released it. This swing of public opinion in favour of the golden eagle has resulted in this bird, once almost on the verge of extinction, increasing in numbers, or so it would seem. But the golden eagle is nowhere abundant in the British Isles, and even people living in the highlands see them but rarely unless the birds are nesting in the neighbourhood. Usually you see them in pairs or threes, though up to seven at a time have been seen.

Even if the golden eagle is on the increase, it can never be widespread in this country, partly from the lack of suitable habitat, but more especially because, with the increasing use of land for agriculture, there is a shortage of suitable food. The golden eagle is a scavenger, and there just are not the number of carcasses of dead animals there were in the days when the Scottish Highlands were almost entirely wild.

A LAKE IN THE ANDES

'I was recently squatting on the summit of the Giant's Tooth, a famous rocky peak near Mont Blanc in the Alps', said RONALD ARCULUS in a Home Service talk, 'and as I sat there resting after several hours of hard climbing, I reflected how odd it was that with all my efforts I was only just a few feet higher than the shores of Lake Titicaca where I had been a few months before—but comfortably by car, not hanging on to a rope with a long drop below. Lake Titicaca, nearly 13,000 feet up, is an immense, deep, inland sea perched on the bleak, treeless high plain of Bolivia and Peru. Lying between the huge twin ranges of the lonely Andes, it spreads over more than 3,000 square miles of that strange region called the "frozen tropics".'

'Its situation seems so improbable, almost unreal. At the same



Golden eagle with her chicks in a mountain eyrie

Walter E. Higham

latitude on the coast is the scorched, dusty waste of the Atacama desert. A little beyond the inner chain of snow-clad peaks, and still in the same latitudes, are lush, damp, fragrant semi-tropical valleys, misty and luxuriantly forested. But the high plain, on the dry inhospitable side of the watershed, is always parched and chilly.

Away across the plain, not very far from the lake, is the little-known capital city of Bolivia, La Paz, whose name means "peace" though its history has not always been peaceful. La Paz lies on the top of the world, yet sited in a depression, hidden below the lip of the high plain, with a great snowy sentinel of a mountain standing guard over it—the mighty Illimani, held in superstitious reverence by the Indians. La Paz is a city of contrasts: cobbled streets and corrugated iron roofs, llamas and limousines, smart suburbs and slums, rich and rabble. Apart from its breath-taking situation, it is itself picturesque, especially the narrow hilly streets of the old part where crowds throng the markets. Squat, barefoot Indians roam the streets, loaded down with great bundles, or driving tiny donkeys or troops of supercilious spitting llamas. The Indians are constantly chewing the narcotic coca leaf which deadens hunger and fatigue. Stumpy Indian women, gay with bright coloured shawls and skirts, their black plaits of sleek, oily hair coming from beneath quaint bowler hats, gossip in idle groups or squat cross-legged on the ground with fruit or vegetables to sell. Often the gaily striped bundle slung on their back holds a brown baby wrapped up as if in a cocoon; soon he will be running about barefoot and half naked, learning his first job of tending the pigs.

But from the lake you cannot see the city, and it is difficult to imagine its existence, for why should there be a city in such a desolate corner of the world? The lake has only the mountains for company. To the east the whole magnificent chain of the high Bolivian Andes surges up almost, it seems, from the very waters of the lake itself, from great Illampu at the northern end, past virgin Condoriri and Huaina Potosi, Chacaltaya and Mururata to great Illimani, which stands a little way apart as if conscious of an extra dignity and grandeur.

With this mountain background the lake shows nature in one of her grand moods: an intense blueness in the sky reflected even more vividly in the deep waters; then the glistening white of the snow as a contrast. The sense of space is overwhelming. No matter how clear the day, you cannot see up and down the whole immense length of the lake. And the distant Cordillera in its splendour of perpetual snow tells its own story of bleak, giant grandeur.



Lake Titicaca, an 'immense, deep, inland sea', lying nearly 13,000 feet up in the Andes

A New Edition of Dickens' Letters

By HUMPHRY HOUSE

IN my house there is a little lop-sided room too high for its size, with a disproportionately big window and fireplace. It used to be the lodger's room, but now it is called sometimes Toad Room, sometimes Dickens Room, and sometimes just The Office. For it has become an office in everything, except for a peculiar bogus divan-bed along one wall, in which unfortunate guests are put. For after eighteen months the mere machinery of editing Dickens' Letters became so big that we had to give a room up to it.

To the left of the fireplace, shelves hold thirty-nine box-files, mostly three inches deep and foolscap size. From there along the mantelpiece runs the *Dictionary of National Biography*; and at the Z end, after a few Supplements, the *Index and Epitome* props up a blue folder solemnly marked 'Microfilm Guide'. This is kept in place to the right by a glossy-green block of eight card-index drawers. These act as an index to the whole work, and as a symbol of that ideal of managing paper which I began to learn not, I must say, in any university, but at the Staff College at Camberley.

Using a Card Index

I am sure every bit as much pleasure can be got out of information when it is organised as when it is not. And the organisation has an appeal, a glamour, even a fantasy, of its own. An index can be almost as interesting and as wayward as a memory. This index now contains about 8,000 cards, one for each letter of Dickens known to us. We know there are more extant letters than this, but we have not yet chased and recorded them. The card ideally gives a record—and the index is wayward because of the varying degrees in which this ideal is approached—of a letter's past history in print, if it has any and we know it; the location of the manuscript, if we know it; an account of our handling of the letter; a reference to the file containing our text, if we have got beyond the printed sources; and sometimes a few short jottings and scatterings of notes on other points. The main jottings for notes are filed with the texts. The serious work of annotation must be done near the end; for we find, as the new letters stream in, that one often annotates another.

Along the next wall of the room is a collection of books—cheap texts of Dickens' works; sets of the three periodicals he edited; a complete run, from its beginning in 1905, of that remarkable periodical called *The Dickensian*, published by the Dickens Fellowship; many books, of very patchy quality, about Dickens and his works; and diaries and memoirs and biographies of his more important friends, many of which contain texts of letters or extracts from them. The chair is in the angle of two tables. A large writing-table is in front; a small narrow kitchen-table runs up against it at right-angles on the left. This plan was made chiefly to suit our work from microfilm; for we are using microfilm as the first source of our texts of the many letters in the big collections in America. A film-strip projector, stood back on the small table, throws its image on a small screen of white card slightly forward on the large table, conveniently just ahead of the typewriter. The kit for this method costs less than half as much as a portable microfilm-reader made for the purpose, and gives just as good results. The shallow cutlery drawer in the kitchen-table takes the rolls of microfilm, in a tiny space for thousands of letters. Photostats would need yards of files.

But this lay-out of tables has other advantages. On a shelf built-in under the kitchen-table, essential books can be reached without getting up from the chair. Most important of all, here are the different editions of Dickens' letters that have been already published. The first edition of all was edited by Dickens' sister-in-law Georgina Hogarth and his daughter Mamie, in three volumes between 1880 and 1882. These three were then rearranged in two volumes, and the whole was altered and rearranged again in a one-volume edition in 1893. From that time until 1938 no attempt was made to produce a collected edition of the letters; and then three fat volumes of Letters, edited by Walter Dexter, formed part of the beautiful limited edition of Dickens' works published by the Nonesuch Press. But the letters could never be bought without

a whole set of the works, and the present market price of the whole set—they come into the market very rarely—is £100 or 100 guineas. The collected letters are thus virtually inaccessible, and the ordinary interested reader has nothing available but one or other edition of the family selection which we nickname 'Mamie-Georgie'.

And it is a family selection, edited by family methods, showing all possible faults of editing in a bewildering variety of forms and countless instances. Bits of two separate letters of different dates are fused together, without any warning being given, under a single date; and in shortening the edition for one volume in 1893, bits of no less than three letters were put together as belonging to one, even though they had been presented differently before. It was even odder to add words to the text which Dickens never wrote at all. In the Mamie-Georgie version of a letter describing Macready's daughter, Betty, occurs the phrase—'with a face of great power and character', and there is no sign whatever of these words in a microfilm view of the manuscript.

Unfortunately the Nonesuch editor was so rushed that he perpetuated a number of these errors and did not have the opportunity or the time to see all the manuscripts; and many more letters have come to light since the 'thirties. So we are starting again from scratch and are relying on no printed text when we can go to the original. A sample may help to show how far we have (in just over two years) been able to go beyond the Nonesuch edition. If we take the letters to correspondents whose surnames begin with the letters A to C, the Nonesuch includes just over 1,200, including those of which only extracts are given, and those which are merely mentioned as existing, no part of the text being printed. In that same group we have so far got transcripts from original MSS. of 478, and transcripts from facsimile (that is, from microfilm or photostat or from photo-facsimiles in printed books) of 451; this means first or second quality texts of 929 letters. We have microfilm waiting for transcription of (very roughly indeed) 650 more; and we have record of 540 of which we have not yet seen originals or facsimiles. That makes a total of about 2,100 for our edition, as against 1,200 in the fullest edition at present published. I doubt whether that proportion would be borne out all through; this sample is not altogether typical, in that it includes among the microfilms not yet transcribed the huge correspondence to Miss Burdett Coutts which was recently sold in New York and is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library. The arrangement about this is that Professor Edgar S. Johnson, one of the American members of our Advisory Board, is to edit first a selection, and we then follow with the whole. Professor Johnson has estimated, quite independently of our records, that there are 3,500 extant letters of Dickens unpublished; and it would take too long to try to confirm or deny it!

Incredible Energy

Dickens was so famous so young; long before he was thirty people were treasuring his letters and seeking his autograph. We have come across very few cases of recorded loss or destruction; in fact, off-hand, I can only think of John Forster and one innocent child. Everybody tended to preserve, and then to treasure or to sell. The prices in the market are still high. Besides this, Dickens was a man of incredible energy, with countless friends and with a liking for keeping much of his work in his own hands. Even when he was an editor he would often write a full, polite letter of rejection to a contributor entirely in his own autograph. For these reasons the number of his extant letters is so prodigious, that an office and all this machinery is needed to handle them. I can imagine somebody asking whether it is really worth publishing the whole lot, down to the last letter of rejection and the note ordering new boots for the coachman. I think it can be justified. Dickens was a man of major importance for many reasons; it is a *sine qua non* of proper biography that the letters should be brought together in print, properly indexed and annotated; and the filling of the gaps will contribute also to the social history of the century. And even for the ordinary reader, the view of his personality could never be complete without seeing day after day the streaming energy of his correspondence in bulk and detail; a mere selection disguises all that,

and fails to show how even in an order to a wine-merchant a character and a style is given to every syllable. With all the letters, a day falls into shape under one's eyes.

Take a date at random, say my own birthday, May 22, in a central year of Dickens' life, say 1850. He must have been at work on *David Copperfield* then; it came out in parts in 1849 and 1850. Look up in *Hatton and Cleaver*—No. XIII, May; No. XIV, June; No. XV, July. Perhaps he was working then on the July number, that is Chapters 44 to 46, including the housekeeping of Doady and Dora. But besides *Copperfield* he was then editing *Household Words*, which had started as a new venture only in March of that year. Look at the typed copy of the Contributors' Book. The key to the filing-system hangs framed over the mantelpiece; everything about *Household Words* is R.3.d (R.1 and R.3 live together in a single box, because R.2 is very special). Here is the thing, giving the names of all the contributors for each issue. The current number for May 18 had two contributions from Dickens himself, the well-known article called 'The Begging-Letter Writer' and something called 'Card from Mr. Booley', which I cannot remember at all. So I look it up in Volume I. It is a short note on pages 175-6, all about 'Mr. Booley's remarks in addressing the Social Oysters', linked up to Mr. Thomas Grieve and 'the beautiful diorama of the route of the Overland Mail to India'. There simply is not time to look into this now. But the next number of *Household Words*, for May 25, has an article of Dickens' own I know well and have quoted somewhere, called 'A Walk in a Workhouse', a splendid social article looking back to Oliver and forward to old Nandy and Betty Higden, just an incidental part of a life's campaign against the administration of the law of 1834, but written with incredible gusto. That must have been in print by May 22, possibly with final proofs still to correct. And Dickens might even then have been thinking over or altering the article he did in collaboration with W. H. Wills for the number of June 1—'A Popular Delusion', about Billingsgate and the marketing of London fish.

Nothing ties down to the day, May 22, but here all round it accrues an immense amount of work, and one after another, and one on top of the other, typical Dickens themes pile up in thought or proof or manuscript all along with the current instalment of *David Copperfield*. He may well have had no time to write any letters on May 22 at all. Which volume of the Nonesuch does 1850 come in? I cannot be sure; they did not put the year-dates on the spine—and that is a mistake we must not repeat. I think Volume II; yes; May; page 216; letters for May 12, 13, 18, 24 are there. A short letter to John Leech on Saturday, May 18, comes nearest, from the Office of *Household Words*:

Book me for the Derby—but don't you think we ought to have four on 'em? As to a hamper from Fortnum & Mason's, that I consider indispensable.

Then there is nothing till the mere mention, with no text at all, of a letter to Talfourd of May 24, referring to *David Copperfield*. It is rather a long gap even over a week-end. I will see if we have found any new ones: that means the F.1 series of files, the carbon copies of our

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own new texts, kept in chronological order to be the working supplement to the Nonesuch edition. F.1.b. is 1841-1850. We have got a new letter for May 12, and no less than three new ones for May 22.

Devonshire Terrace

Twenty Second May, 1850

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Ellerman, and begs to acknowledge the safe receipt of Mr. Ellerman's drama, and of his obliging note.

Same address and date:

Sir,

I beg to assure the Members of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, that I am very much gratified by their generous remembrance of me on the occasion of their last Annual Meeting; and that any services I can render them, at any time, are freely and cordially at their command.

Your faithful Servant

Charles Dickens

Mr. Edward W. Cole.

The day begins to fill out; the stream of complimentary copies, of books the great man is asked to read, the unending demands on his time, the need to answer. Then a note about an old loyalty and affection—the Newsvendors' Association for whom he made some of his happiest speeches.

And then the third letter from Devonshire Terrace on May 22, 1850:

Sir,

In reply to your courteous letter, I beg to say, that my avocations would not admit of my responding to such a requisition as you describe, though I should be very sensible of the honour of its presentation to me.

I am Sir

Yours faithfully and obliged

Charles Dickens

James G. Winn Esquire.

The jottings for the notes made by one of my associate editors there say: 'A note from the donor of the letter says that this letter is an answer to one from Winn suggesting that C.D. allow himself to be nominated as a Candidate for Parliament'. I do not know the value of that authority yet; but suppose it is sound, see how the calm refusal even of that just fits into the day's work. May 22 has come considerably to life.

You will have noticed all along that I talk of *us* and *our*. Of course a job of this size has to be done by a team. Besides myself there are two Associate Editors, Kenneth Fielding and Zoë Jeffen, former pupils of mine; my wife is Assistant Editor. And there is an Advisory Board of seven English and three American members. Two years ago we made an appeal for knowledge of MSS. in the press, all over the world. The response was huge—answers from every continent except Asia; and the address-book has now the names of nearly 200 owners or helpers. Such is the posthumous interest in Dickens and the power of his personality. That power appears most in the letters.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

End of the Modern Movement in Architecture

By OSBERT LANCASTER

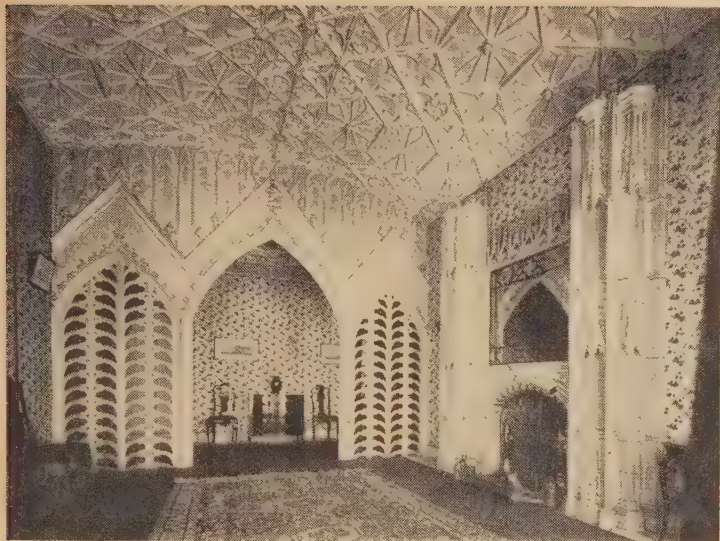
MODERN is probably one of the most ambiguous and certainly one of the most variously employed words in the English language. Unlike most adjectives, so far from defining or expanding the meaning of the noun to which it is attached, its own meaning is entirely governed by the word which follows it.

Thus when we speak of 'the modern woman' we summon up a vision of some South Kensington Hedda Gabler, all shirt-waist and pince-nez, peddling madly round Battersea Park thinking about Mrs. Sidney Webb. If, on the other hand, we say 'modern girl' this vision is replaced by a tubular siren showing acres of very shiny pink-silk stockings rhythmically jiggling to the strains of 'Yes, Sir, that's my baby'. When employed in connection with art or architecture, modern retains all its period flavour and may mean anything except contemporary. In ordinary usage the phrase 'modern painting' is now practically confined to works produced in Paris between the emergence

of Van Gogh and the coming of Surrealism; while 'Modern Style', particularly if pronounced in a slight foreign accent, refers to those tendencies in design which flourished in Vienna and Munich at the turn of the century.

So overburdened has this unfortunate adjective become, that we have been forced to invent derivatives such as 'modernistic', a term of contempt correctly employed to describe a type of all too popular decoration out of early Cubism by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; or borrowing from abroad, to acclimatise a word such as *Modernismus* in an effort to distinguish English works which display a perhaps imperfect understanding of the principles enunciated at the Bauhaus. But to what precisely do we refer when we speak of the 'Modern Movement'?

Thanks largely to the exhaustive researches of Mr. Morton Shand and Professor Pevsner, we know quite well when and how the modern movement started, and can follow the course of its early development. What, however, remains in doubt is exactly where we, and it, stand



'Romantic fun-and-games', represented in the case of the Gothic Revival by Strawberry Hill, Twickenham (1759), of which the Holbein Chamber is shown above—
'Country Life'

today. Does 1951 mark the final triumphant flowering, or just a further stage on the upward march, or the end of the whole thing and the beginning of something quite new? Is Mr. Hugh Casson, for example, an Alberti or a Bernini? The rest of my remarks here will be largely directed towards encouraging the last assumption.

It was generally proclaimed by the fathers of the modern movement that it represented a complete break with the past, and in so far as it was directed towards the abolition of 'style', as generally understood, it could not possibly be compared with any other historical architectural school. This contention, which is of course commonly made by all artistic pioneers at all periods, we will treat with the contempt it deserves, and draw what I hope may be a helpful parallel with the history of the Gothic Revival. I choose the Gothic Revival not in order deliberately to infuriate supporters of the Modern Movement, still less the rather smaller circle of Gothic Revivalists, but because not only has it a clearly defined beginning, middle and end, but thanks to Mr. Betjeman and Sir Kenneth Clark, its history is now generally familiar. And, moreover, the moment one begins to make the comparison one is immediately struck by some curious parallel.

Both movements started with what one may perhaps describe as a romantic fun-and-games stage, represented in the case of the Gothic Revival by Strawberry Hill and Fonthill, and in the case of the Modern Movement by such works as the interior of Maxim's Restaurant in Paris and Horta's house in the Rue de Turin. Then, after a short period of settling down, when the early exuberance had slightly diminished, represented in the one case by the Commissioners' Churches and in the other by the buildings of Voysey or Berlage, comes the doctrinaire period, all manifestos and witch-hunts. Pugin dismisses all the work of his contemporaries and predecessors as trivial, worthless, and based on a complete misunderstanding of the principles involved, and assisted by the Camden Society lays down the new law; Gropius and Loos do the same for Art Nouveau and the Jugendstil and the work of such men as Van de Velde. And in both cases it is at this moment that the movement, hitherto purely architectural, tends to become involved in extra-curricular activities—in the one case tractarianism, in the other social planning. Then comes the high summer in both cases marked by the emergence of the twin-figures of the Prophet and Publicist.

Here, however, ensues a curious reversal of roles, for in the one case the Prophet exerted his influence through the medium of words and in the other chiefly

by practical example, but, nevertheless, the points in common between Ruskin and Frank Lloyd Wright are fundamental, the differences largely superficial. Both men, it seems to me, tower head and shoulders above all their fellows; the thoughts and outlook of both are deeply coloured by an evangelical background; and both, it must be admitted, exhibit aspects at which it is possible for trivial minds (which at some time or other includes most of us) to laugh. In the case of the publicists, the similarity between the roles played by Sir Gilbert Scott and Le Corbusier, although perhaps less immediately striking, is none the less considerable. Sir Gilbert, it is true, built a great deal more than Le Corbusier and wrote a good deal less, but both men were in their own ways superb showmen and knew no equal in the handling of clients, and probably did more than any of their contemporaries not only to put their respective movements in the limelight, but keep them there.

To all intents and purposes the Gothic Revival was over by the 'seventies. Dozens more Gothic buildings were erected after that decade, but either they were largely hack work, or, if of merit, exhibited features which had little to do with nineteenth-century Gothicism and heralded a coming change. The event which may be held definitely to mark the end was Norman Shaw's experiment with Queen Anne; a deviation all the more important in that Shaw came from the Street stable, and in the history of the later Gothic Revival the office of G. E. Street played a role comparable to that of the Bauhaus in the Modern Movement. Shaw's heresy, of course, provoked a storm of criticism from the stern unbending Goths, and the curious thing is that the slight note of hysteria there detectable strangely resembles that which characterises the weighty condemnation in strong, if recently acquired, American accents delivered against that latter-day deviation from the Modern Movement known, for reasons that are not immediately obvious, as the New Empiricism.

But similarities in the course of the development of two movements are not themselves, even if convincing, sufficient to indicate that they will necessarily end at the same stage or in the same way. For that, it is necessary to examine rather more closely the fundamental doctrines

on which each were based. There one is at once struck by a strange fact; it is not surprising that these should be totally different but it is curious that they should be so neatly antithetical.

At all times and in all places the rôle of the architect lies between that of the plumber and the sculptor; but seldom midway. If, like the majority of nineteenth-century architects, he is an aesthetic snob, he will get as close to the sculptor as he can; if, like most contemporary architects, he is an inverted snob, he will suck up to the plumber. Thus, roughly speaking, most of the Gothic Revivalists and of the Modern Movement boys are equidistant from the centre which makes their conflicting theories almost exactly complementary, and, in my view, equally suspect. The Victorian architect, reacting strongly against what to him, and almost all his contemporaries, was the soulless barrenness of late eighteenth-century and Regency architecture, proclaimed the doctrine of salvation through decora-



—and in the Modern Movement by Horta's house in the Rue de Turin, Brussels (1893), of which the staircase is shown here
From 'Pioneers of the Modern Movement' by Nikolaus Pevsner (Faber)

tion. His immediate successors, not unnaturally surfeited with Early English capitals, terra-cotta enrichments, and neo-Baroque swags, pronounced decoration anathema and advocated the much-needed abolition of ornament and concentration on the beauty of form. However, what tended to get overlooked in the excitement was the fact that simplicity is not enough: that whereas an ill-designed building, or teapot, or page of type may be rendered unbearably vulgar by applied decoration, in its total absence it is revealed as devastatingly mean.

Revealing Function through Form

But apart from these theoretical over-simplifications the most striking fact in common between the two movements was their faults, totally dissimilar as were the products. Of these one of the most important was an ineradicable tendency to give a general validity to theories that were by their very nature particular. Thus the Goths maintained, perfectly correctly given the liturgical requirements of the Catholic faith and the prevailing intellectual climate of their time, that Gothic was the only style for churches. Where they went wildly wrong was to advance from this premise the untenable proposition that Gothic was the only style for railway stations. Similarly the Moderns were 100 per cent. correct in maintaining that crenellations and lancets were out of place on power stations in which true beauty was to be obtained only by the revelation of function through form. When they went on to apply this theory to all architecture they were still perfectly justified on paper, but almost never in practice, for the very good reason that whereas the function of a factory, or a power-station, or a hospital is exactly ascertainable, there exists a whole class of buildings, including domestic, where this is only partially true, and in all monumental architecture function can be defined only in the very vaguest terms.

It is in their varying reactions to this last awkward fact that the leaders of the Movement reveal the existence of a schism. If one may judge from the results of the symposium on monumentality recently held by the Architectural Review—which is not altogether easy, as the gift of clear literary expression seems, with the notable exceptions of Messrs. Summerson and Mumford, to be but grudgingly extended to modern architectural writers—the purists side-step the whole question by taking refuge in sociology and saying that the very idea of monumental architecture is ridiculous, unctemporary, and not to be encouraged: an attitude which in view of the fact that a very large proportion of the building public, including both banking corporations and commissars alike, is still crazy for monuments, and whopping big ones, is not helpful. Far more praiseworthy is the reaction of those who admit the need and go gallantly ahead in an effort to meet it; even though, as at Coventry, that effort ends in almost total failure.

Let me say at once that this failure is not in my view to be laid at the door of Mr. Basil Spence. Rather is it attributable to those responsible for organising the competition, who seemed to have but the vaguest idea of what they really wanted or what a cathedral is, an ignorance the more astonishing as the purpose and nature of a cathedral have so recently been admirably defined by the highest authority in the Archbishop of York's book on the Church of England. If they wanted a building which would combine the advantages of a glorified parish hall blown up to meet diocesan requirements with the popular appeal of a brand-new Odeon, they should have said so and not called it a cathedral. But to call in an architect trained in the functional tradition and not to have made it clear that in so far as cathedrals are concerned function is liturgy, and liturgy is function, was to invite disaster. In this bland denial of the very tenets of the functional faith the wheel has come full circle and Coventry Cathedral seems likely to be the St. Pancras railway station of the Modern Movement.

'Mystique of the Machine'

But it is in their respective attitudes to the machine that both movements proved finally inadequate. The Goths invited disaster through fear, which so inhibited them that they were quite unable to take advantage of the mechanical revolution of their time, and finally led them into the cosy wilderness of arts and crafts. The attitude of their successors was more complicated. On the surface it was coloured by a mystique of the machine which found its earliest andottiest expression in Marinetti and the Futurist manifesto and was later rationalised by such men as Professor Giedion. But underneath, deep down in the collective subconscious of the movement, there remained—inherited from William Morris who, it is important to remember, was a Janus figure standing exactly at the cross roads—a profound misgiving lest

the price to be paid for all the manifest advantages to the consumer of 'mechanisation taking command' prove disastrously high in terms of the spiritual well-being of the producer. However, further to expand this statement, with all its inevitable sociological implications, might well involve me in expressions of opinion to which in this tense pre-electoral atmosphere vile minds might attach a partisan significance.

Moreover to speak solely of failure is unjust and unhelpful, for the end of artistic movements is not commonly marked by failure but by the achievement of unintended success, which provides a springboard for fresh leaps. An extreme example of what I have in mind, drawn from modern painting, is afforded by le Douanier Rousseau. He, as we know from his correspondence, aimed at painting like Bougereau but happily came nowhere near his avowed intention. But in the process he produced a number of masterpieces of a quite different kind. Without for one moment attributing to Hugh Casson and his colleagues a comparable degree of naivety, the view that the Modern Movement has now reached its term is far more plausibly supported by the triumphs of the South Bank than by the inadequacies of Coventry.

Here a hand-picked selection of the younger exponents of the Modern Movement were given a free hand to do what they liked without the necessity of making even a formal observance to theory. Indeed, it would have been impossible for them to do so even had they so wished, for the purpose for which exhibition buildings must, one supposes, be fit, is to exhibit, and one of the most enjoyable things about the South Bank exhibition was that there was virtually nothing of the smallest interest to exhibit. Thus one could enjoy the wonderful Piranesi-like drama of the interior of the Dome of Discovery, without bothering one's head, any more than one suspects did Mr. Tubbs, as to whether this imposing arrangement of ramps and moving staircases was in fact the best or most functional method of displaying all the pseudo-scientific bric-a-brac with which it appeared rather hurriedly to have been filled. Similarly in other pavilions, where the exhibits ranged in exotic fantasy from a row of cows being milked to a London omnibus, one was able undistracted to concentrate on the architectural qualities of the buildings themselves. As one did so one gradually became aware in many individual cases, but not all, and in the general effect of the whole ensemble, of something quite new—of a quickening wind stirring the grim, bare branches of modernism and a wind, moreover, that was certainly not blowing from the direction of Massachusetts.

The New Spirit in Architecture

Is this new spirit—which I shall not attempt to define, for definition and analysis have been the curse of modern architecture—the first swallow of a new summer, or just a belated straggler from the old autumn of the picturesque, as certain of the more austere upholders of the international style would have us believe? It is at this stage quite impossible to say, but one thing is certain. If a really live and profitable movement is to develop from this beginning, then many of the most cherished illusions of the Modern Movement will have to go overboard: that frenzied rejection of the past, for instance, that ridiculous attitude of having absolutely no connection with the period next door, which has had such disastrous effects on architectural education. Then that inhibiting fear of the *cliché* must at all costs be overcome, and it must be realised that a good supply of sound, generally acceptable *clichés* is one of modern architecture's most urgent requirements; that whereas the success of eighteenth-century architecture, for example, as of eighteenth-century poetry, lay very largely in just this invention of *clichés*, that could safely be entrusted to local builders to exploit without becoming wearisome, the failure of the Modern Movement wholly to get clear of the coterie stage was in a very large measure due to the fact that the best they could produce in the way of *clichés* was a window that turned a corner and a couple of pavement lights. Above all, the modern architect must at all costs come down from his functional tower of reinforced ivory and realise that a public which has for years been asking for half-timbered bread is not going suddenly to be satisfied with a cantilevered stone.

If, in fact, we are witnessing a new departure, then it would be churlish to conclude without paying a tribute to the stern, if sometimes inhibiting, discipline which the Modern Movement imposed. If one thinks as I do that it always remained inextricably confused between ends and means, it nevertheless fulfilled an essential task. As with abstract painting it was not, as some might think, a blind alley but a necessary diversion, and those who passed through it are likely to have travelled considerably further than those who stuck to the main road.

—Third Programme



Giraffes on the move in the Kalahari

The Legend of a Desert

LAURENS VAN DER POST on the real Kalahari

ONLY this morning I looked at one of the latest maps of Africa and saw that the cartographers—in that neat hand of theirs seemingly untroubled by any doubt—are still marking in the Kalahari as a desert. I could hardly blame them for that. The Kalahari, like the Sahara, has been one of the great deserts of the world ever since men like Livingstone and Anderson first brought back news of it from their journeys along its fringes a hundred and more years ago.

Yet, looking at the map this morning, I could not help smiling for, in spite of history, legend, and tradition, nothing could be more misleading than to go on thinking of the Kalahari as a desert. I know, I have just been there. I have been across it from north to south, from the Zambesi to the Molopo river, and my colleagues and I found no desert in the sense that we usually understand the word. This is how it happened, and this is what we saw.

Sometime last year I was asked to organise and conduct an official mission through the little-known, and largely unexplored and uninhabited, lands of the Protectorate of Bechuanaland. The purpose of the mission is irrelevant here, and I do not propose to describe it except by saying that I was told the mission was extremely urgent. I mention the urgency of the mission, for it was that that made me agree to undertake it. I knew that it was

the wrong time of year for such a venture. It was mid-summer in Bechuanaland, and in the north, in the Chobe crown lands near the Zambesi River, the rains would have broken. Any expedition stood a good chance of being bogged for months in the black cotton-soil that ran through that country. Whereas in the real Kalahari, just south of this country, the problem would be reversed, for I knew it would be so hot there, and such hard-going in the parched and scorched sand veldt, that water in adequate supplies both for labouring internal combustion engines and for unacclimatised European bodies would be a serious matter. I was sorely tempted

to say it could not be done, but because I allowed myself to be convinced of the urgency of the mission I agreed to go.

No sooner had I arrived in the Protectorate than I had fresh cause to deplore my decision. All the local experts were dead against it. They said plainly that it could not be done at that time of year, and added sombrely that to do it at all—and particularly in such a hurry—was reckless, irresponsible, and courting disaster. I could not ignore their warnings, particularly because a return to Bechuanaland at this desperate and inflamed season of the year revived in me, with ominous clarity, the memory of a hastily organised expedition in which I had taken part years before to the Great Makari-Kari salt lake of the northern Kalahari. That expedition had nearly ended disastrously; and I knew that if I was wiped out it would not cause undue official consternation, but it would be unpardonable not to return intact the distinguished experts who were to accompany me. So I compromised with the local experts. I asked them to help me organise a pilot expedition so that I could sample the season in the field by myself. They at once agreed with good grace to help, and set to work with a generous and loyal will to get me away.

It was not long before I was both off, and back, from a deep probe into the northern half of the territory. I came back convinced. Although

it was extremely difficult I could do the job, or rather could get an expedition to do the task as planned—if not entirely successfully, at least certainly without disaster. So, to the shake of many wise and experienced heads, I cabled to my colleagues to join me and, in due course, with the sun and heat of the sub-tropical summer at their worst, we set off one day from the Victoria Falls.

Hard by, at Kazangula on the Zambesi, we disappeared on compass-bearings into the dark bush of the northern half of the Chobe crown lands of Bechuanaland. For three weeks we travelled up and down these silent and uninhabited woods, glades, savannahs, and bush-ringed prairies of this fantastic land.



Bushmen on a salt-pan in the Kalahari: the Europeans are looking for springbok

Photograph: Frank Debenham

The going was unbelievably difficult, even though our trucks were plated in front like armoured cars to help us crash through the bush. There were, of course, no roads, so we had to force our way through dense bush and bristling brushwood. We were proud if in one day—which started at dawn and continued till dusk—we had covered twenty miles: often we did no more than ten or twelve heart-breaking and weary ones.

I carried water for men and trucks for twenty-one days, and even that was not over-much. The trucks labouring in the sand and heat used more water than petrol. We now discovered the reason why this land was thought of as desert. It possessed no surface water. But in this sense only was the land a desert. Everywhere the grass stood high and golden in rich soil. Flowers of all kinds, modest, patient, proud, flagrant, and defiant, in rich reds and yellows and purples, flashed like rainbows in the shadows and like stars in the iron sunlight. Often I walked ahead alone, compass in hand and gun on shoulder, to pick a way for my trucks. Looking back at them crashing after me, I would watch them advance in the bright sun, a golden halo of pollen from crushed flowers wrapped round their black bonnets.

Wherever there was an open view there was a vision of bucking, leaping game. At dawn our camp would be ringed with lion and leopard spoor. Enormous elephant trails ran everywhere, and the black soil in the savannahs was rugged with the tracks of ponderous buffalo. We were seldom out of sight of arched giraffe heads looking down at us over flat acacia tree tops with coy and maidenly curiosity. The trees themselves were full of birds. Some of them were festooned with black snakes searching for the eggs of the birds. Indeed, while we were crashing through the branches of one of the trees, a black serpent struck down at the head of one of our African servants, and just missed his cheek. The servant insisted that I should go back and kill it, saying that the snake possessed an evil spirit and must be slain.

As the days went by and this rich scene of abundant animal and vegetable life unfolded itself without a break in its continuity, it was obvious that this land was ill served by the term 'desert'. Somewhere, in order to sustain such fertility, it received and held more water than had been supposed, and it merited something better than scornful exclusion from human solicitude. But, we thought, when we get to the real Kalahari further south, we shall have a different story to tell. Three weeks later we entered the real Kalahari. To me, personally, it was so different from the traditional picture that the disillusionment would have been bitter if the unexpected reality had not been so rich and rewarding in its own way.

The first shock was Lake Ngami. This great and fabulous, this white and shining lake, on which the favourite Jules Verne story of my childhood had made gunboats fight desperate battles with militant savages in long war canoes, had no water in it at all. We drove across its dry, flat bottom in our trucks at thirty-five miles an hour. The second shock was the country that we found on the other side. For hundreds of miles south and east and west we made our way through the most beautiful African park-like country. The grass stood thick, lush and high, waving and rippling in the fitful winds of summer like sheets of yellow shantung silk. Here was no arid desert country. It is true there was sand, sand everywhere, but it was wonderful, fertile sand which grew park-like trees

and rich, sweet grass. How rich and sweet the grasses were we could judge only too easily by the enormous numbers of game with sleek, shining, rounded flanks. I have never seen fatter game anywhere in Africa, and I have been across most of it. In places we saw herds of springbok whose numbers we put at anything from 20,000 to 30,000. Again there was no surface water, but how could we call this country, which sustained such abundant life, a desert? Finally, and most exciting of all, we found that this Kalahari, unlike the northern half, was inhabited.

I had made a practice of forming base camps at regular intervals on our way south. From these base camps we drove east and west deep into the unknown flanks of the Kalahari, and one day, a hundred miles from any known trail, we found sharp and clear in the clay of a dried-up water-hole the imprints of tiny feet. There could be no doubt they were the footprints of Kalahari bushmen, the last survivors of the pygmy aborigines of southern Africa. We stood and stared long in the fading light at these dried-up footmarks, as Robinson Crusoe must have stood and stared at the footprints of Man Friday. But for many weeks we saw no sign of them—yet we knew they were there. Their signs were on the trees, and the marks of their trails ran everywhere with a confidence and a certainty that was most revealing. They were the final proof that not only plants and animals but also man in his most exposed and defenceless state could make of this so-called desert a safe and secure home.

I had almost given up hope of meeting any of these bushmen in their pure state, and feared that I would have to be content with the mongrel versions of their kind that I had met on the fringes of civilisation in the past. But one night, far off on a trail of our own in the remote eastern Kalahari, a tremendous thunderstorm gave two pure bushman boys the courage to come to our tents for shelter. As I watched these two little yellow figures sitting happily by our fire, their dark eyes lit with the light of man's first beginning, I felt it to be one of the happiest nights I had ever known. They looked at us as if we, with our mass-produced trucks, our tins and tasteless canned food, were miraculous, and yet I personally would have swapped the whole lot for their laughter. I have never heard gayer, freer, or more immediate laughter even in the happiest of European children. They clearly knew something precious that we have forgotten.

I could discuss for a long time what I think that is, and also what I learnt from other bushmen who ventured to visit us as a result of this first twilight meeting, but the point I wanted to make is, I trust, already made; namely, that the Kalahari is no desert. It is instead a country which, if studied and understood with love, patience, care and skill, has a valuable contribution of its own to make to the shrinking resources of our shrunken world.

I have been back several times since last year. I was there again only a week or two ago, and everything I have seen confirms this original conclusion. I even regard it as a good omen that Lake Ngami, which I once raced across in my trucks, was full of rippling and shining water. And now I hope that next time any cartographer raises his hand to add the conventional 'desert' to Kalahari, his fingers will have the decency to tremble.—*Home Service*

The Boy Who Bearded Wagner

FRANK WALKER on the family correspondence of Hugo Wolf

HUGO WOLF was certainly one of the best letter-writers among composers. He had a decided literary flair, and he was one of those people who, whenever anything remarkable happens to them, cannot rest until they have communicated it to others. When he wrote a new song, he had to play it at once to such of his intimate friends as were within reach. And when he was away from his friends, grumble as he might about the waste of time and energy, he wrote letters. He had the ability, and the interior need, to put himself down on paper, with immediacy and no equivocation. In his correspondence he draws a self-portrait against the changing background of his daily surroundings; he depicts his numerous temporary homes, his friends, his enemies; he describes his creative ecstasies, and the miseries and comedies of his contacts with the workaday world of servants, shopkeepers, pupils, income-tax collectors, and so on. And

I may add, fortunately for the biographer, and unlike some other composers, he carefully dated almost everything he wrote.

More than 1,900 of Wolf's letters have survived, from the years between 1873, when he was a rebellious schoolboy at Marburg, and 1899, when he was already confined in a mental home. For the last four years of his short and tragic life he was not capable of writing either letters or music. Of the surviving 1,900 letters about 800, including many of the most revealing, are still unpublished. The *Familienbriefe* published in 1912 were edited with discretion by Edmund Hellmer, who had a difficult task. Many passages had to be omitted because they would have caused offence to people then still living; other passages were necessarily omitted because Wolf's family had cut them out of the original letters with a pair of scissors. Very numerous family letters were not made available to Hellmer at all. The gaps can now be filled

in, most of the omissions restored, and, above all, Wolf's family correspondence can be read in conjunction with the replies of his father and mother. About 150 letters from his parents—mostly his father—have survived, all unpublished, and unknown to all his earlier biographers. Reading this series of letters, one thinks inevitably of Mozart and his father. Philipp Wolf and Leopold Mozart were very different characters. But there exists nowhere else such full and fascinating material for the study of the relationship of a composer of genius and his father.

Melancholy Father and Scolding Mother

In Philipp Wolf himself, as in so many other parents of men of genius, one feels that the crude elements exist, which by a favourable turn of fortune's wheel will reappear in the next generation in refined form, pure gold. Philipp Wolf loved music, and was quite gifted. He taught himself, unaided, to play with some proficiency on piano, violin, flute, harp, and guitar. Music-making, in his home in Windischgraz, in south Styria, was the solace and consolation of a life of hardship. He was a leather manufacturer, once fairly prosperous, but reduced to poverty by a fire in 1867, and to melancholia by years and years of disappointments and a bitter struggle for existence. His home-life was unenviable. The practical common-sense and vitality of Wolf's mother harmonised badly with his father's pessimistic outlook on life, and in Philipp's letters to his favourite son this theme is belaboured to an almost unbelievable extent. When he writes that 'Vesuvius is again in eruption', he means that his wife's scolding tongue is active. We think of Wolf as an exquisite artist, a man of outstanding culture; in the family correspondence we read with amazement of the environment from which he sprang.

In 1875, at the age of fifteen, after having been either expelled or withdrawn from three different schools, Hugo Wolf succeeded in persuading his father to send him to Vienna, to study music at the Konservatorium. At first he lived there with his aunt and uncle Vinzenzberg. Then there began the long series of letters in which he shared with his dearly-loved father all his wonderful new experiences in the capital. In November Wagner came to Vienna, to supervise performances of 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin'. For Wolf the acquaintance with Wagner and his music was overwhelming. This is what he wrote after hearing, from the gallery, 'Tannhäuser' for the first time.

The overture was wonderful, and then the opera! I can find no words to describe it, I can only tell you that I am a madman. After each act Wagner was tempestuously called for and I applauded until my hands were sore. I cried continually 'Bravo Wagner!' 'Bravissimo Wagner!' and so on, so that I became nearly hoarse and people looked at me more than at Richard Wagner. After each act he was continually called for, when he made his acknowledgment from the box. After the third and last act he appeared on the stage and as the jubilation was endless, after being called forth three times he made a short speech to the audience. In my next letter I will let you have the Master's exact words. I have written them out in my note-book. More about Wagner in my next letter. I am quite beside myself about the music of this great Master and have become a Wagnerian.

The next stage was to interview Wagner himself and seek his opinion on the imitative piano pieces and songs that were all that Wolf had thus far composed. When, shortly afterwards, Wagner came down the stairs of the Imperial Hotel, where he was staying, on his way to a rehearsal of 'Lohengrin', a long-haired boy, with gleaming eyes, greeted him respectfully and then flew to the door and opened it for him, and when Wagner, in his cab, reached the opera-house—not very far away, there was the same boy, panting, struggling to open the door for him again. Wolf had run as fast as he could in front of Wagner's cab. All this is told in a family letter that has become famous. By arrangement with the hotel manager and Cosima's chambermaid, Wolf did succeed in interviewing Wagner, on December 12.

At length Wagner appeared, accompanied by Cosima and Goldmark, etc. (He had just come from the Philharmonic concert.) I saluted Cosima very respectfully, but she did not consider it worth the trouble to bestow on me a single glance; indeed, she is known to the whole world as an exceedingly haughty and conceited lady. Wagner went without heeding me into his room, when the chambermaid said to him in a pleading tone: 'Ach, Herr Wagner, a young artist, who has already so often waited for you, wishes to speak to you'. He came out, glanced at me and said: 'I have already seen you once, I believe, you are . . .' (apparently he was going to say 'You are a fool!') At this moment he went in and opened the door of the reception room for me, where a truly royal splendour was in evidence. When I was alone with Wagner I said: 'Honoured Master! I have for a long time cherished the wish to hear an opinion upon my compositions and it would

be to me—' Here the Master interrupted me and said: 'My dear child, I can pass no judgment upon your compositions: I am very short of time at the moment and cannot even get my letters written. *I understand nothing at all about music*'. When I asked the Master to tell me whether I had musical talent, and whether I should ever get anywhere with it, he said: 'When I was as young as you are now, no one could say from my compositions whether I should ever get anywhere in the musical world. You must at any rate play over your compositions to me at the piano, but just now I have no time. When you are more mature and have written greater works and I come again to Vienna, you can show me your compositions. It's no good, I can give you no opinion'. When I told the Master that I take the classics as my models, he said: 'Well, yes, that's right, one cannot be original all at once'. (With that he laughed.) Finally he said: 'I wish you, dear friend, much fortune in your career. Go on working hard and when I come back to Vienna again show me your compositions'. Thereupon I left the Master, deeply moved and impressed.

Early in 1877 Wolf's formal education came finally to an end. He was dismissed from the Konservatorium 'for offences against discipline'. For eight months he remained in disgrace at Windischgraz, before he was able to persuade his father to allow him to go back to Vienna, where he hoped to support himself by giving piano lessons and accompanying. He had quarrelled with his relations in Vienna and henceforth lived in cheap lodgings, which were changed with extreme frequency. Already he was beginning to gather round him that remarkable band of friends, without whom he could never have lived even on the modest scale that he did live. It was through the efforts of a group of friends centring round the composer Adalbert von Goldschmidt that he was able to return to Vienna and begin a new stage of his career as a free artist.

He wrote home frequently. His letters from this period are delightful and reflect the excitement, the naivety, the boundless optimism, with which he threw himself into this new life:

Yesterday evening I was at the Hellmesberger Quartet's concert, and what is more I went with Goldschmidt in his carriage with two liveried servants. By good luck a rowdy group of Konservatorium students came along just then, who stared their eyes out at me, but I didn't deem them worth a glance. We went proudly up the staircase and took two stalls in the foremost rows, where Anna and Ida Vinzenzberg observed me continually from the gallery with opera-glasses. I could have burst with joy, for the one-time poor devil Wolf sat by the side of the distinguished composer and rich nobleman (he is *Ritter* von Goldschmidt) in a stall in the front row, immediately behind the executants. . . . More good news! Dr. Schönaich, one of the most intimate of Richard Wagner's friends, will take me with him to Bayreuth next year, introduce me to Wagner, and recommend me to him as copyist for his forthcoming 'Parsifal' drama. In this way I shall come in immediate contact with the Master himself and the advantage that arises from that one sees clearly in Hans Richter, who would today still be a horn-blower in some theatre if Wagner had not employed him as copyist of his scores.

A Cup of Coffee at Midday

The young Wolf was always an optimist—in his letters, at any rate. He needed to be. Very few of his plans were ever brought to fruition. His father noted with increasing bitterness how all the repeated announcements of the forthcoming publication of his songs came to nothing, as the manuscripts returned regularly to their composer, accompanied only by a printed rejection-slip. Pupils were hard to get, and harder still to keep, for anyone of Wolf's temperament. The money he earned was hardly ever sufficient to pay for lodgings, meals, and laundry—let alone new clothes, and the books and scores he needed so badly. In 1878 he was living for a time on one meal a day, and planning to economise still further by preparing his own coffee and relying more on food-parcels from home. 'I could then easily do without the meal in a restaurant', he wrote, 'if I made a cup of coffee at midday and ate with it a piece of *Reinling* (home-made cake) and a slice of ham or sausage'. Sausages—the very highly seasoned *Krainerwürste*, smelling strongly of garlic—play a very important role in the family correspondence.

This is the kind of letter Wolf used to receive from his father:

I know nothing of Gilbert, whether he arrived in Vienna, and if so, whether he is still there. You too have scarcely enough time to tell me how much money you require. It is, however, very praiseworthy that you have at length conceived the idea of looking for cheaper lodgings, but after all that only shows that things must really be going badly with you. . . . As it is I have to send you money at the time when business is slackest, when I receive dunning letters from all sides

and collect nothing. I have today no money. I will send you thirty florins tomorrow—God knows where it's coming from. Moreover, you must be very ignorant of my circumstances, that you ask for such sums such a short time after each other, and in purchasing the clothes go to work in such an unpractical manner, for in these days only those people who have money to throw away allow themselves to be measured by the tailor. A thrifty man buys ready-made goods.

Eleven days after that letter was written Hugo was forced again to ask for money and to confess that he had been living for some time on bread and butter again. Financial crises, at Windischgraz and in Vienna, followed in endless succession. One of them, in December 1880, produced this appalling outburst from Philipp Wolf:

So you have no longer enough money for a stamp, out of the 90 florins! Either you lied to me about that or you are a spendthrift, who retains no money. You have already contracted all the caprices and bad habits of Beethoven, and also his brutal, repulsive behaviour, but of his industry and his economy and creative work there is no trace. Your parents have borne the pain and the cares of so many sacrifices and privations in order to make something worth while out of you—in vain! . . . If you have a spark of feeling for your parents pull yourself together, *work and renounce*, else you are lost! ! ! Enclosed are the last six florins of your unhappy father.

The First Job

Towards the end of 1881 the generally gloomy tone of Philipp Wolf's letters was lightened, for a short period. Hugo, at the age of nearly twenty-one, got a job. Through the influence of Adalbert von Goldschmidt he was appointed Chorus-Master at the Stadttheater at Salzburg. Soon he was promoted to the post of second Kapellmeister. His father could scarcely believe the good news:

Your appointment as Kapellmeister has greatly rejoiced us all . . . I was congratulated on all sides. I cherish only the one wish that in this position you will control yourself—of that many are doubtful on account of your fiery temperament. Show that you can also command yourself . . . Congratulations on the Salzburg newspaper. Whenever a criticism of you appears in it send me the page. Such printed evidence would make the Windischgrazers sit up, who are already quite agape about your appointment and the high salary. For here you are a Kapellmeister with eighty florins a month and at Ischl an additional 200 florins. There is no need for the Windischgrazers to know that there exists besides yourself a *first* Kapellmeister!

Poor man! His happiness was shortlived. Soon Hugo announced that a violent verbal exchange between him and the Salzburg Director had led to 'the mutual giving of notice'. The Kapellmeistership lasted only from November 2, 1881, until January 15, 1882. Philipp Wolf, who described himself as being 'more out of tune than our piano', reverted to his normal style in his correspondence with his son:

You don't consider the degree of mortification that you have inflicted on me by your dismissal. It was the first joy, the first fruit of this costly upbringing. Oh, the consciousness that I have reared with great sacrifices only good-for-nothing scamps is galling. Even more so is the derision and mockery of the people among whom I have to live, and whose scornful remarks I must accept with a 'mea culpa'. You, to be sure, shake yourself free like a wet poodle, but I can't do that. Your education was a Sisyphian labour. Graz, St. Paul, Marburg, the Konservatorium—the stone came always rolling back. At last at Salzburg it seemed to find support. It begins to roll again, and I am not strong enough to check it. I am too tired now, have exhausted all my strength and hope. It will roll over me, over my useless life.

In contrast to these despairing reflections, Hugo's own letters from this period breathe defiance at the entire hostile world:

Dearest Father! Your melancholy letter has really alarmed me. Who is going to despair like that straight away? Courage! Courage! We will present a brow of iron to all affliction. Now, when everything conspires against me . . . now for the first time I am come to consciousness of my strength. Muck, the director, the orchestra—they are all furious. But I remained indifferent to their ravings and quietly looked about for something else. The radial lines of the spider's web in which the whole gang shall stick fast are already drawn. Frankfurt is the solution. Mottl, who passed through Salzburg ten days ago and to whom I related my position, undertakes my release from it. From the 16th I belong no more to this pigsty. Only now am I glad; I am in my element; I will extinguish my unlucky star and replace it with a star of fortune. But woe to the Salzburg theatre when I have got my breath!

It is hardly necessary to add that Frankfurt did not provide the solution.

Reading these letters, one feels sympathy for Wolf's father, who had troubles enough, but at the same time one feels that he over-dramatises

everything. He tends to luxuriate in his own melancholy. He goes on so long, with his recitals of his miseries, that in the end one has to laugh. He becomes a tragi-comic figure. The most astonishing things in his correspondence concern his relations with his wife. In 1882 a mad dog ran through the streets of Windischgraz and in consequence about forty dogs suspected of having come into contact with it had to be destroyed. Philipp reports this in a letter to his son and adds: 'But what is *hydrophobia* compared with the raving of a wife?' Here is a truly extraordinary passage, from another letter of the same year:

Misunderstood and maltreated by the wife I loved so much, gaped at uneasily by the children like a leper, a spendthrift and God knows what else, I stand alone, overburdened with cares of all kinds, a poor excommunicated sinner, yoked in the bread-van, behind me the Fury with high-swung whip, in the shape of a ten-thousand-headed Hydra with the same number of long and never-resting tongues.

Hugo in his replies hardly ever makes any comment on these domestic complaints. Once he suggests that Philipp should come and live with him in Vienna, if life at Windischgraz should become unbearable. But I think he knew that his father was not quite normal, and was all the time making allowances for this. The consistently optimistic tone of his early family correspondence was probably imposed on him, to some extent, by the necessity of counteracting his father's melancholia.

Katharina Wolf was no great letter writer. She would send her son at Christmas-time, or before his birthday, or name-day, a few lines with every fifth word misspelt, but overflowing with love and encouragement. Never once does she reproach him. And she usually managed, out of the housekeeping money, to send him, unknown to his father, a few extra florins.

Two more years went by, and still Wolf was living from hand to mouth, glad to receive a little money or a parcel of cake and sausages from home, often dependent on his friends for a roof above his head, and still without recognition as a composer. Then he became music-critic of a fashionable weekly, the *Wiener Salonblatt*. This position he retained for over three years, from January, 1884, to April, 1887. Very few of his letters to his parents from this period have survived. After the first half of 1884 the father's correspondence also becomes scanty and comparatively uninteresting. But enough exists to show that the appointment as music-critic to the *Salonblatt* represented for Philipp a reasonably satisfactory solution to his son's problems, and a happier outcome of his adoption of a musical career than had seemed possible in earlier years. Copies of the *Salonblatt* were sent home regularly, passed from hand to hand in Windischgraz, and everywhere commented upon. Wolf's criticism was remarkable for its ferocious attacks on the music of Brahms, and there are most curious reflections of this in his father's letters. 'You have squashed the wretched Brahms like a flea between your fingers'. Several times Philipp got agitated over the idea that Brahms might challenge his son to a duel.

Sunlight the Father Never Saw

It was tragic that Philipp did not live to see the end of the long struggle, for he died in 1887, the year before the *Mörike-Lieder* were created, in a great surge of inspiration. One of his last letters congratulates his son on his name-day:

My wishes are the same as your own—they culminate in your success. It is a task of Sisyphus in which you wear yourself out. Your striving is mirrored in your critical essays—but don't despair, the sun of recognition will shine upon you yet. That I may witness it is my only wish, it would be the greatest joy in my wretched existence—but hush! nothing shall disturb your name-day. Think only that you have a father who loves you and whose only joy and hope you are.

Wolf was inconsolable when the blow fell. Never, now, could he really justify himself in his father's eyes, and show that the sacrifices he had been compelled to exact had not been in vain. He exclaimed to a friend: 'What does it matter to me if my songs are published now? No success can any longer give me pleasure'. Five-and-a-half years later, after his sister Käthe had sent him a parcel of his own early manuscripts, one of them with a comment by his father, he wrote:

And the inscription by so dear, so unforgettable a hand! You cannot measure how indescribably the sight of it touched and moved me to the depths. 'In the quiet churchyard'—it was the only song that Father's dear hand provided with an inscription. And now he lies in the quiet churchyard and none of my songs can reach him. Ah, why do I go on composing when he can no longer hear?—he, who only in music lived and breathed, and for whom my music never sounded, to whom my song never spoke!

—From a talk in the Third Programme

General Election Broadcasts

Mr. Dingle Foot

LAST night you listened to Mr. Winston Churchill. His purpose in this election is clear enough. He is seeking to persuade Liberal voters that the tory party of today is something quite different from the tory party we have always known. Now many of you, I imagine, have either read the book or seen the film of *Treasure Island*, you will remember how, when the *Hispaniola* sailed from Bristol, those who appeared to be in charge were the most respectable persons. There was the owner, Squire Trelawney, the Master, Captain Smollett, and the cabin boy, Jim Hawkins. But they sailed with a pirate crew who had served under Captain Flint, and as soon as they reached their destination the crew seized the ship, hauled down the Union Jack and ran up the skull and crossbones. Now today the Captain and the First Mate on the tory ship, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, no doubt deserve our respect. But the ship is still largely manned by the pirate crew who served under Baldwin and Chamberlain. Once they are safe on the high seas they will have no hesitation, if it suits their purpose, in throwing Mr. Churchill overboard as, on former occasions, they threw overboard his father and as they threw over Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberal flag which they are so ready to fly at this election will be hauled down and in its place we shall see a tory skull and crossbones—an appropriate emblem, you may think, for the party under whose rule we had long queues outside the labour exchanges, distressed areas, and the household means test.

What of the present Government? Most of you who voted for them at the last election did so, I fancy, not because you were wildly enthusiastic about nationalisation, but because you welcomed their efforts to eliminate extreme poverty by improving the social services. We Liberals welcomed them too. We were, after all, the pioneers of the social services, which we established in the teeth of bitter tory opposition. When, six years ago, this Government chose to build further on the foundations which we had laid, of course we gave them all the support that we could. As long as they followed in the Liberal tradition they did well. But there is another side to the record—the waste of millions of pounds on groundnuts in Kenya and eggs in Gambia (millions which might so profitably have been invested in developing our own agriculture and our own countryside); the sheer ineptitude with which they have handled some of our affairs abroad, beginning with Palestine and ending with Persia; the almost wilful failure to rouse the nation to any sense of the urgent, almost desperate, need for greater effort and increased production. The most suitable epitaph for this Government would be the words of the late Lord Rosebery—‘They were good men according to their lights. We can only regret that the men were dull and the lights dim’.

We Liberals come forward at this election because it is, we believe, essential to the political health and good government of this country that there should be a third force in British politics. Public life would be infinitely poorer if the electors, always and everywhere, had to choose between the sort of government we had before the war and the sort of government we have today, between private monopoly and public monopoly, between the party of Munich and the party of Abadan.

Now let me make one thing quite clear. We do not seek some timid compromise between

rival extremes. It is our belief that, if the 50,000,000 people living in this island are to maintain anything like a reasonable standard of life, there must be a complete break with the policies of restriction which have been followed both before the war and since. We must get rid of everything which prevents people from making their fullest contribution. The old age pensioner who wishes to work after sixty-five but finds that his pension is reduced if he earns more than £2 a week; the road haulier who is forbidden to operate more than twenty-five miles from his base; the trader who is blacklisted because he stands out against a price ring; the bus driver who is sacked by a public board because he belongs to a different union from the majority of his fellow-drivers—all these people are being hindered or prevented in one way or another from making the fullest use of their enterprise or their skill.

And next we say that a new relationship is needed in industry—and this cannot be accomplished by further doses of nationalisation. What we aim at is a genuine partnership between workers and management. We Liberals are not against the profit motive but we intend that profits should be shared with the workers and that greater efforts should bring increased rewards. For the last five years we have been campaigning for our policy of co-ownership. Now some of the leaders of the T.U.C., and even members of the Government, are saying much the same thing. We welcome their conversion. But the spreading of the new gospel has been almost entirely the work of Liberals both in Parliament and outside.

Above all we are, and always have been, the party of the consumer. At the present time rearmament is being paid for in the form of higher prices, which means that the heaviest burden falls upon the poorest homes. So we Liberals come forward with a series of proposals designed to check, and even we hope to reduce, the cost of living. We would try to re-establish the kind of international control over food and raw materials that was exercised by the combined boards during the war. We would make a determined attack on monopolies and price rings; we would seek to reduce the barriers to international trade. Finally, we would postpone all new capital projects which do not contribute to greater production, and we would reduce or abolish the purchase tax on everything except luxury goods.

There are, however, many people who reply to us in effect, ‘Yes, we agree with all that you say, but what’s the use of voting for you? At the very best you will only be a minority in the new Parliament’. Now it is true of course that for the last twenty years we have only had a small band of members in the House of Commons, but what a difference those members have made! It has happened not once or twice but again and again, that when some great issue has needed to be raised or some invasion of human freedom has had to be resisted, the task has been carried out by the Liberals. Out of many possible examples let me remind you of three. When, in the spring of 1945, the victorious Allies were proceeding to set up the United Nations, it was the Liberal Party alone in Parliament which declared that the Great Power veto in the Security Council was wrong in principle and would be disastrous in practice. When, in 1947, a Bill was introduced conferring upon the Government almost unlimited authority to govern by regulation and decree, it was the Liberal members who secured an amend-

ment completely safeguarding the freedom of the press and of the printed word. When, a few weeks ago, a great African leader was banished from his home and his country without charge and without trial, it was the Liberals who challenged the decision on the floor of the House of Commons.

If there were no Liberals in Parliament there would be many occasions when the case for freedom would simply go by default. When you go to the poll you will decide, of course, what sort of government we are to have. But that is not all. You will also decide what sort of Parliament we are to have. If we are left with the two larger parties alone, Parliament would no longer be the great forum of the nation but merely the scene of a ruthless struggle for power between two vast remorseless party machines. That is why we ask for your support.

Last night Mr. Churchill offered you a choice between the socialist queue and the tory ladder. Now, a ladder has obvious uses. But on each rung there is room for only one man at a time, and those below are in constant danger of getting their fingers crushed. The Liberal symbol is neither the queue nor the ladder, but the open road. We need not all travel along it at the same pace, but strong or weak, regardless of wealth, or rank, or race, or colour, we have equal rights on the King’s highway and there is room for all.

—October 9

Mr. James Griffiths

GOOD EVENING. I’m going to talk to you to-night about two things only—two things that are very important to you and which are very much on my mind—I’m going to talk about our coal and about our Colonies.

We all know that this country is desperately short of coal. Why are we short of coal? It’s very important that all of us should know the reason; the real reason. The Tories tell you it’s nationalisation. I can tell you as an old miner, it’s *not* nationalisation. Indeed, under nationalisation the organisation and the equipment of the industry are being brought up to date for the first time in my lifetime, and, as a result, output has been going up every year for the past five years, and in 1950 we actually produced 23,000,000 tons more coal than we did in 1946. It’s not that the men are not working hard, I know they are. That 23,000,000 extra tons of coal was produced by practically the same number of men.

And there’s the trouble. There’s one simple, basic trouble with the coal industry today, and that is there aren’t enough miners. You’ve read today what the Minister of Fuel and Power says—that Britain needs 20,000 more miners in the next six months. We must get them. Because we’ve got to build up our strength and make sure of peace—and we can’t be strong without coal.

Some time ago I talked with a woman in my Welsh valley. She asked me a question, a pointed question. ‘Should my boy go down the mine, Jim? Do you think it’s safe for him to go?’ It wasn’t the danger she was thinking of—we all accept that as part of the job. She was thinking of his future. She was wondering whether her son would get a real chance if he went into the mines.

Her question brought home to me how much things had changed since I worked in the pits with that lad’s grandfather—a grand man and a good collier. I first went down the pits when I

was a lad, thirteen years old, trembling at every little creak in the mountain of stone above our heads. Four of us went to the pits from my family. My mother couldn't have asked if I ought to go down the pit. There was no choice. I didn't do it because I could see a future in the industry. There wasn't one—not at that time. There was just no other job for me in my village. In those days there were plenty of men because there were always the unemployed to draw on.

It's all so different now. The boy can choose his job, and he will only choose the pit if he thinks his prospects are better there. They are better now, and that's what I told that Welsh mother—'There is a future for your lad in coal. Before he starts work we make sure these days that he is fit and strong enough for the job. He will be medically examined. He'll be given special training—and he'll get a chance to go to a technical college for a day a week on full pay. And, if he's a promising young man, he will be able to become a mining engineer'. I was able to say these things to her because they are true today.

Mr. Churchill said the other night that what we wanted was not a queue but a ladder, and he told you he'd thought of it himself only two or three days before. I'm sorry, Mr. Churchill, but it was the Coal Board that thought of it first. They thought of it over a year ago, when they started what they call the 'Ladder Plan'—the plan that gives every boy in the pits a chance to go right to the top. It was before nationalisation that they had the queues: queues for jobs and queues for the dole. And that's why we're so alarmed to see the Tories suggesting all sorts of changes in the industry. They say they will keep nationalisation, and then they go on to talk about something they call decentralisation. I don't know quite what they mean by it, but I can tell you this: the very word revives bitter memories in the valleys. Mining people fear that it would mean once again putting district against district and setting miner against miner. That's just the sort of thing that destroys confidence. Can't the Tories see that if the young men are frightened from the pits, the whole of industry could be brought to a standstill? And if that happened, what would come of our defences?

Can't the Tories ever get out of their rut? We don't go about condemning *all* private enterprise. We socialists think that private enterprise is the right thing for some industries, just as nationalisation is the right thing for others. But the Tories—they've got closed minds about it. It's a theory with them. They hate the idea of nationalisation so much that they can't admit that it's ever a good thing, even when they see the results. It's going too far when they propose playing tricks on the organisation which gets the coal. It's the men that matter now, and the Tories' proposal on nationalisation will merely frighten men away from coal and from the railways, which are also held up because they haven't enough workers. We must keep faith with the men. It's vital to get the men to do the work. The only way to keep faith with the miners is to go on making a success of nationalisation. And that means returning the Labour Government which is pledged to keep nationalisation.

Coal is one of the things I wanted to talk to you about. Then there's another, an even more important thing, and that's the British Colonies. On Monday, Mr. Churchill repeated the Tories' favourite cry, that the Labour Government has been 'spendthrift'. They're always saying it, but whenever we ask them for examples, the only ones they trot out are the two that Mr. Churchill brought up; the schemes for producing groundnuts in East Africa and eggs in the Gambia. And even Mr. Dingle Foot, the Liberal, said the same thing last night.

Mr. Churchill is worried about the failure of the groundnuts scheme. I'm worried too. He's worried because it cost £36,000,000, of which a part—and remember it's only a part—had to be written off as a loss. Well, I don't like to see us losing £20,000,000 or £30,000,000 either. But I'll tell you frankly, it isn't the loss of our money, bad as that is, that troubles me most. It's what it means to Africa, with her people crying out for food. If only this scheme had succeeded we should have learnt the way to make the waste-land and wilderness of a continent yield more food for its hungry people. And what a blessing that would have been. The Tories can laugh about groundnuts, but that won't feed the multiplying people of Africa: growing food for Africa is one of the biggest jobs we've been doing.

While some people were gloating over the bad news about groundnuts, we have been getting on with fifty different schemes for bringing new life to nineteen different colonies—meat in Bechuanaland, fruit in the West Indies, rice in Malaya, timber in British Guiana—these are only a few examples of what we're doing. No wonder the *Daily Express* said that we had acted, where the Tories only talked.

The Tories say that we have been in too much of a hurry over groundnuts. But isn't it better to be impatient than to leave the Colonies to rot until they drift into communism? Ever since I've been in this job I've had the feeling that we were fighting against time. Before the war, when the Tories were boasting about the Empire, all they spent on helping the Colonies was less than £3,000,000 a year. Over the past six years, the Labour Government has been spending at a rate of five times that amount each year on helping the Colonies. And already it is proving one of the best investments this country's ever made. It's an investment in partnership. It will bring its own reward to us and to our Commonwealth.

While the Tories have been laughing about groundnuts, heroic men and women from Britain have been fighting the battle—the battle against poverty, and ignorance, and disease. Five months ago in Uganda I talked to a young doctor who is devoting his life to work among lepers. And he's curing leprosy, curing that dreadful disease that since biblical times has been the symbol of slow, incurable decay. And when I saw what that young man was doing, I thought of the verse in the Old Book: 'Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard: how that the blind see, the lame walk, and the lepers are cleansed'.

We're waging war against malaria too, and in three of the Colonies, Cyprus, Mauritius and Trinidad, we're well on the way to victory. The latest reports seem to show that we've already won in Cyprus, and in Mauritius we've cut the death-rate from malaria to an eighth of what it used to be. Some people will tell you that it was paludrin, not politicians, that got rid of malaria. If that were meant as a tribute to the patient research workers who invented that wonderful drug, or to the brave men and women who risked their lives in the fight against malaria, I too would join in applauding them. But, you know, it was the politicians and the Colonial Service who organised that fight, and without them malaria would still be killing thousands of people every year in our Colonies. If the Tories are going to leave the fight for health to penicillin and paludrin, while the politicians sit back and fold their arms, then they'd better tell you: you will know what to do then about it on October 25.

Those are only two examples of the battle against disease. I could tell you of many others. But there is the other battle too—the battle against poverty in the Colonies. I don't believe that anybody that hasn't seen it with his own

eyes can begin to imagine the poverty in which so many of our fellow citizens of the Commonwealth are being condemned to live. It isn't only the mud huts with no chimneys and no light. It's the lack of proper food. It's living on mealy pap with never any meat and seldom any milk; it's putting babies straight on to adult food after weaning, because there is no milk: that's why Africans sometimes haven't the strength to do an ordinary day's job. I don't believe that anyone who has seen African poverty for himself, as I have, can rest for a moment until he has done his share towards getting rid of it.

And finally there is the most important battle of all, the battle against ignorance. Wherever I have been in the Colonies, I have asked their people what was the single biggest thing we could do to help them, and they answered one and all: 'Give us more schools; we want education'. And you could see from the look in their eyes as they answered, that they had made up their minds that the most important thing we have got, and they need, is education. I wish I had the time to tell you of the wonderful work of education that is being done in the Colonies. I remember vividly the day I went to a school in the far north of Malaya, on the borders of Siam. It was a new school they had just opened, and there were so many children who wanted to come that they were working the school on double shift. And in all the Colonies, schools and colleges and universities are being built. Everywhere there is a passion for education. The people in our Colonies are determined that their children shall walk side by side with our children as equal partners in a free Commonwealth.

This three-fold battle in the Colonies has got to go on. It has got to go on because it is our duty and our privilege: the duty of the strong to help the weak. It has got to go on because so much of our own future and so much of the world's future depends on how we forge the links of friendship that are to bind together our British Commonwealth tomorrow. Indeed, we can't stop at our own Commonwealth. Everywhere there is a great awakening—an awakening to consciousness of manhood and nationhood. That's true all over the world and I know it's true in our Colonies. We understand this. That is why the Labour Party attaches so much importance to the World Plan for Mutual Aid. That is the answer, the only effective answer, to communism in Asia and Africa.

This great awakening began years ago under the very eyes of the Tories, but they couldn't or wouldn't see it. If we had done what they wanted us to do we should have lost our last chance of friendly co-operation with the peoples of Asia. Today, India, Pakistan and Ceylon are powerful voices in the world—and they are the voices of Britain's friends. Does anybody believe that we should be enjoying that friendship today if Mr. Churchill had been allowed to do as he said he wanted to do only three years ago, and that is to send 30,000 or 40,000 British troops to put the Indians in their place?

I am not going to talk to you tonight about Egypt and the Sudan, except to add that every member of the Government stands firmly behind what Mr. Morrison has said. But I do want to remind you that many of our troubles today have their roots in the Tory past, and that most of them need never have happened if the Tories had learnt in time to treat other peoples as equals. Already the people of the Gold Coast, with their own African Ministers, are learning the arts of parliamentary government. The West Indies are moving towards a federation, and in the short time that I've been Colonial Secretary, as many as twelve Colonies have had new constitutions.

You know, there's only one way to learn democracy, and that's by practising it. Our job

is to do in a few short years what our forefathers learnt in the hard struggle of centuries. Is there any liberal-minded man or woman in this country who believes that you can trust that job to the Tories? Is there any man or woman who does not realise that the supreme task of this generation and the next is to build the friendship of coloured and white peoples that will make the world into one world? Is there any young man or any young woman who isn't thrilled by the great adventure of a task like this, and who is not willing and anxious to put his shoulder behind this great effort that Labour has begun?

There are 60,000,000 people in the Colonies. They don't have votes in our election. It's you, by your vote, who decide what happens to them. It's as if you had two votes each—one for yourself and one for them. And when you vote on October 25, remember the millions in the Colonies to whom your vote will mean so much.

I have just come home from Africa. I have been to Nyasaland, beautiful Nyasaland, the land of David Livingstone. What a great man he was! The Africans talked to me of him, talked as if he was still alive; and in truth he is still alive in spirit and in influence. To them David Livingstone is the deliverer—the man who freed them from slavery—and today they look to us to be their deliverers, to free them from the chains of poverty and disease and ignorance. Yes, they look to you—to you and me: we must not fail them; you must not fail them on polling day. Good night. *Nos Da.*

—October 10

Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith

GOOD EVENING. I'm speaking to you tonight as one of the under-forties who are fighting this election in the Conservative cause. There are nearly 200 Conservative candidates under the age of forty standing in this campaign. We are the younger Conservatives, born round about the first world war. I myself was born then, in a suburb of London, where my father was a small shopkeeper. I grew up between the wars; went to an elementary school and later a secondary school, where the state—under a Tory government—gave me my education. In the nineteen-thirties I went out and earned my living. Then, at the age of twenty-five, like millions of others, I was pitchforked into another war, just as I was full of plans for the future. And, funnily enough, they weren't political plans either. Now, I'm not going to pretend that I lived on the bread line between the wars. I certainly didn't. But I did keep myself and an invalid mother on £3 5s. a week. We lived—and lived comfortably—under a Conservative Government, between the wars, on one-third of what it takes today. But there's another thing—I'm not only one of those who lived under the Conservatives between the wars—I'm also one of 12,000,000 such folk who think Conservative—and vote Conservative.

To hear the Labour Party talk you'd think Winston Churchill was a one-man party, wielding an umpteen-million vote: rather like a delegate at the Labour Party Conference. He's not, you know. Of course, I can understand the socialist party leaders being cross with him. He's got an uncanny habit of telling them what they ought to do a couple of years before they decide to do it: like standing up to communism, and uniting Europe, and getting together with the Atlantic Powers. He told them to do all that, you know, in 1946. But there, Winston Churchill's one of our great men. And I'm just one of the ordinary folk behind him. There were 12,000,000 of us last time, and there's going to be more of us this.

Now, what are people thinking about; what's

worrying them most? Well, they're worried about money. Dad's got more in his pay packet, it's true, nearly double what he got pre-war, but somehow people don't seem to be any better off. Let's look at a few prices. I wonder if you, or any of your family, bought a fifty-bob suit before the war? Do you remember how the tailors vied with one another? 'We fit the Fattest Figure for Fifty Shillings'. That suit now costs £7 15s.—and the shoes to go with it have jumped from 12s. 11d. to over £2. And those children's leather sandals—you know the ones I mean, with the crepe soles and a slat up the front: I wore them for years as a child. They cost 17s. 6d. now. Do you remember what they cost before the war? 4s. 11d. Then there's all the other household things we need, which carry purchase tax, like lino, and soap, and the carpet sweeper, and even the electric-light bulb—they even tax us to see, these days.

Then there's the rent. The new council house is all very nice, but those who pay the rent know that thirty-odd shillings a week makes a nasty hole in the pay packet, and mother knows best of all, so she's taken on a part-time job to make both ends meet. It's a surprising thing, you know, but there are more women at work today—and more married women at work—than there were at the height of the war. Socialist Ministers may say they're helping to close the dollar gap—but what is the simple truth? You know what gap mother's trying to close. It's the gap between money and what money will buy. Mother's gone out to work, not because she wants to, but because she's got to. She's taken a job to balance the family budget, and what interests her most is that at the end of the month she'll have saved enough money to buy Johnnie a new mac.

Women know all about rising prices, even more than men do, because they do the shopping, and they see the pound running away while their housekeeping money stands still. The socialists are trying to tell us that this rise in prices is all due to the Korean war and to our defence programme. But they really can't get away with that one. The war in Korea—and there is a war on, you know, despite all the socialists' talk about peace—the war in Korea didn't start until 1950; and the defence estimates weren't introduced until last autumn. Long before that—way back in 1946—the pound started dropping in value; it dropped 6d. in the first year of socialism; it dropped another 2s. in 1947 when Mr. Dalton was gaily spending our money 'with a song in his heart'. By 1950, before the Korean war had started, the value of the pound had dropped to 15s. 10d. And now, after six years of socialism, the pound is only worth 14s. 6d. of what it was when Labour came into power. And let none of us forget the Labour Government's promise before they got in 'to protect our savings against rising prices'.

This rise in the cost of living—or inflation, as we call it—is a very serious thing for all of us. Double wages and treble prices just don't spell prosperity, whatever the socialists may say. And it's not only wages that are affected, it's everything. We all bought National Savings Certificates during the war, and rightly so. They cost 15s. then. By now, my 1945 certificate ought to have increased in value and be worth 17s. 11d. with the interest added. But, as Mr. Gaitskill told us in the House recently, it is now only worth 13s. 3d. That is what socialism has done to our savings.

Now how is the old-age pensioner faring under the socialists? Today if he tries to buy with his old age pension what he bought with it in 1946, he finds he's got to dig into his savings for another 7s. 6d. or else go without some other necessity. So you see, the extra 4s. recently given to some old age pensioners—but not all of them—still doesn't bridge the gap.

Yet, as if they were blind to all this, the

socialists are busy saying that the Conservatives would cut the social services. What hypocrisy!—when the socialists know perfectly well that, as the result of the fall in the value of the pound, wages, pensions, and benefits have received the most savage cut imposed by any British government at any time. I say they know it—but the old age pensioner knows it best of all.

As I said before, this fall in the purchasing power of money affects everything. That is why Conservatives insist that we must stop the fall in the value of money and the rise in prices. The socialists talk a lot about soaking the rich, as if they were the only people who pay taxes. Well, the very rich already pay 19s. 6d. in the pound. It's quite a thought, you know, to realise that a millionaire has got to earn just over £7 to be left with enough to pay 3s. 7d. for twenty cigarettes. But we're not a nation of millionaires. We're a nation of hard-working men and women, and it is us, the ordinary people, who go to make up this great nation of taxpayers. This idea of soaking the rich still further is not only futile. It's a barefaced attempt to hide from the ordinary people that they themselves are being soaked. It's just meant to inflame class feeling and hatred and prevent people from realising that this Government is now soaking everyone.

Well, you'll say, 'Supposing they are—what would a Conservative Government do to bring down the cost of living?' Well, to start off with, we would see that the Government gave up trying to do the jobs which are not their business—jobs which the Socialist Government have done so badly that they've lost millions of our money. There's £36,500,000 gone on groundnuts that never grew. And nearly £1,000,000 on eggs in Gambia that were never laid. Despite what Mr. Griffiths said last night, these ill-planned schemes still wasted our money. We could have built a lot of houses with that money. We've also thrown away £500,000,000 in Persia, enough to re-house the London waiting list twice over.

Then there's the meat muddle. You will remember that the Argentine Government wanted the Socialist Government to pay £120 a ton for meat. The Government refused—and instead it thought it better to cut down our meat ration to 8d. Then they paid the butchers a rebate of £450,000 a week because the butchers weren't being allowed to sell enough meat to earn a living. But six months after the socialists had refused to pay £120 a ton they agreed to pay the Argentine £128—£8 more than they had originally been asked. A Conservative Government would leave the buying of meat in the hands of men who knew their job, and who would do it at their own risk. And the same thing goes for other raw materials, like copper, and zinc, and sulphur. The sooner the merchants and traders of this country are allowed to do their own job again, the better. The merchants are trained to it. They're skilled in the markets of the world, and if one of them makes a mistake then he goes out of business, but the rest carry on. If the Government makes a mistake it stays in business, but we all suffer—and we all pay.

Then there are some things which might be all right if we'd money to burn. But they're all wrong when the nation's hard up. Take as an example the government hotel for visiting V.I.P.s. It cost the British taxpayer £18 5s. for each guest each night. You'd think we were made of money. And look at £40 a week to train a fireman at the Fire Service College. And look at the government offices they're building today—when it's houses we want. What we have got to see is that we save money in the right ways. We are certainly not going to save at the expense of the social services, for which the Conservative Party has worked as hard as any; but we can save money if we cut out waste and extravagance.

(continued on page 650)

NEWS DIARY

October 10-16

Wednesday, October 10

Mr. Acheson, American Secretary of State, asks Egypt to delay ending Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and to await new British proposals. Anti-British demonstrations held in Cairo and Alexandria

United Nations and Communist liaison officers meet at Panmunjon to discuss resumption of Korean armistice talks

Thursday, October 11

Britain reaffirms her policy in the Sudan and sends Note to Egyptian Government reminding it of its responsibility towards British lives and property in Egypt

Prime Minister of Iraq announces that he has approached British Government for a revision of Anglo-Iraqi treaty relations

Biggest army exercise since the war starts in Southern England

Friday, October 12

Mr. Herbert Morrison says that Britain will 'stand firm' in Egypt

Publication of revised British proposals in Persian oil dispute

Russia replies to Western Powers' Note on proposals for revision of Italian Peace Treaty

Vice-Admiral Lord Mountbatten succeeds Admiral Sir John Edleston as Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean

Saturday, October 13

Britain, United States, France and Turkey offer Egypt equal rights in a new Allied Middle East Command. Britain offers Egypt proposals for future of Sudan

Heavy fighting continues on central front in Korea

Sunday, October 14

Full text published of four-power proposals to Egypt on Middle East defence, and of British proposal on future of Sudan. Sir Robert Howe, Governor-General of the Sudan, says that any outside attempt to interfere with the administration of the Sudan will be resisted

General Ridgway sends message to Communist leaders in Korea accepting responsibility for violation of neutral zone at Kaesong

Monday, October 15

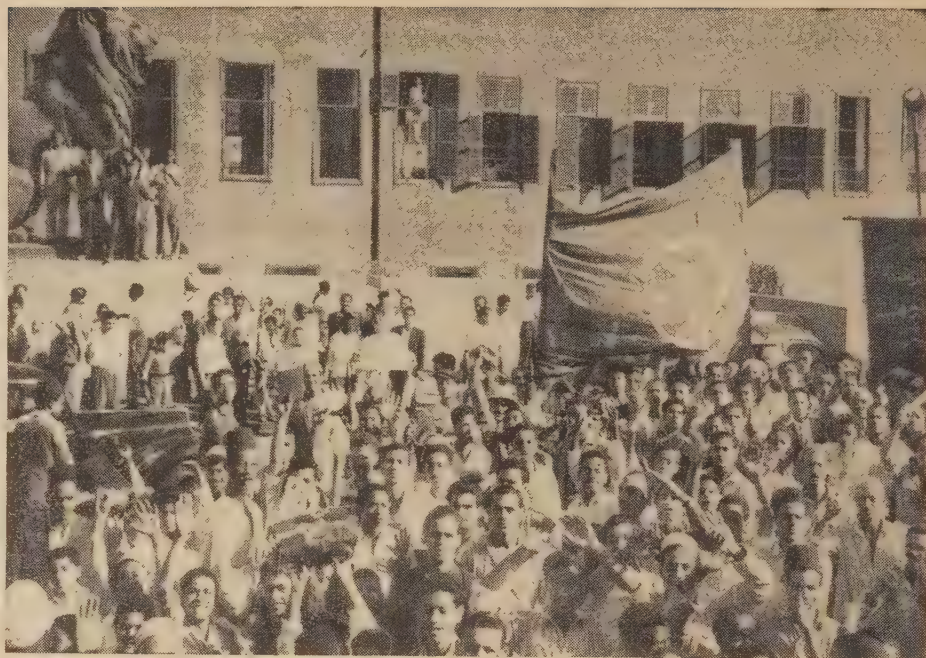
Egypt rejects four-power proposals for Middle East defence and British proposals on the Sudan

United Nations Security Council debates Anglo-Persian oil dispute. Dr. Moussadeq is not prepared to negotiate with Britain except over compensation and sale of oil

Tuesday, October 16

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, assassinated while addressing meeting near North-west frontier

Egyptians again demonstrate in approval of Government's policy in abrogating 1936 Treaty and Sudan agreement after rejection of four-power proposals



Crowds demonstrating in front of the Kasr el Nil Barracks in Cairo on October 9 after the Egyptian Government had announced its decision to abrogate the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian treaty. Further demonstrations took place after the rejection of the four-power proposals for Middle East defence



Liaison officers, representing the United Nations (right) last week on their way to Panmunjon to continue the Korean armistice talks



The B.B.C.'s new television station, Holme Moss, near Huddersfield, which came into service on October 13. The opening ceremony was performed by Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, Chairman of the Governors of the B.B.C., at Manchester Town Hall and was televised. The new transmitter is the largest and most powerful in the world and will bring television to about 12,000,000 more people



'Enemy' tanks rumbling down a road in southern England last weekend over an area of 5,000 square miles



The scene in Confederation Square, Ottawa, as Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh laid a wreath on the National War Memorial on October 10. They arrived in Toronto on October 12 and later visited Niagara Falls



musicians, photographed for a resumption of



Competitors taking part in a ploughing match organised by the Weald of Kent Ploughing Association at Staplehurst on Saturday



Big army manoeuvres
thousand men took part



Her Royal Highness presenting Queen Mary's carpet to the Canadian nation at a ceremony on October 10 in Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. The carpet was bought by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire



Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor, Caernarvonshire, which, together with forty-seven acres of the park and over 40,000 acres of farm and mountain land, has been acquired by the National Trust. The Castle is built of grey 'Mona' marble from Anglesey and was completed about 1847. Some parts of it date back to 1438. It will be open to the public next spring

Left: three eight-weeks-old entrants in the Siamese Cat Show held in London last week

(continued from page 647)

Above all, at this moment, we have got to build more houses. There's no problem as pressing as this. The housing shortage is worse than at any time in the century. Housing lists are longer now than they were in 1945. It's getting worse, not better, because the socialists are building even fewer houses than they did last year, and only half what the Conservatives built before the war. There are thousands of young couples who got married during the war. They've never known what it is to have a home of their own, and their own front door. There are thousands of divided couples who have had to live with her parents and then with his—and who are now living apart, each in their parents' home. And there are also parents whose families have grown up and who are worried to death because their grown-up sons and daughters have to sleep in the same bedroom. There are young families herded together—eating, sleeping and cooking in one single room.

These aren't exceptional cases. They are the day-to-day problems brought to every Member of Parliament. I've 3,000 such cases in my own constituency. My constituency is an example of what was done to build houses between the wars. Here, in an urban area, under a National Government, 8,000 houses were built in eight years, 2,000 under the slum clearance programme at Mottingham and some 6,000 houses in Sidcup under private enterprise. Here, the postman, the bus driver, the clerk, and the shop assistant were able to buy their own house for as little as £395 by paying a £5 deposit and 9s. 6d. a week. Others who could afford more bought houses which cost them between £700 and £800. Most of these families have now finished paying for their houses and now own them. And as they tend their trim gardens they bless the day when they had the good sense and the opportunity—under a Conservative Government—of buying a house of their own. Many of these houses today are overcrowded because sons and daughters have grown up and married and have nowhere else to go. I want to say to those patient and unfortunate people who are still waiting for a home that the Conservative Party has set themselves a target of 300,000 houses, and I know that all our efforts will go to see that these houses are built. This target is possible. We've done it before, you know, and we can do it again.

We shall see that there's no reduction in the number of houses and flats to let, but if a man wants to build his own house—well, we mean to see that he has the chance to build it. What's the position today? The position is that private enterprise, except by special licence, isn't allowed to build a house for a man who wants to buy his own home. And yet the London County Council is building houses at over £3,000 apiece, and for these the tenant has to pay £4 a week in rent and rates. Why can't such tenants be given the chance to buy their own houses if they want to, at no greater cost? And why can't the local authority concentrate on smaller houses for families of limited means, to relieve overcrowding and clear the slums?

And now, a word about freedom. We all know that under socialism the Government has been trying to live our lives for us, instead of giving us the freedom to live our own. They decide whether we shall own a house or start a business. They even decide the strength of our beer and send better beer abroad, because the foreigner won't drink the weak brew we have to put up with. And they even legislate for the length of our utility vests.

But seriously, there are thousands of new regulations that we don't even know about until we find ourselves in trouble with the law. There are thousands of snoopers who can enter our home without even a warrant. This isn't the British way of life; it's not even democracy. It's

only the worst form of socialism at work. You know, there was a time when I was wondering which party I should join. I read the literature and listened to all the party speakers. But when I realised that in joining the Labour Party I would get mixed up with the people who believe in class warfare and hatred and encourage envy of anything anyone else has got, then I realised that I just couldn't be a socialist. For any political party which makes of this its creed, weakens Britain and stops her being great.

It's worth thinking about, on October 25. Goodnight, everybody.

—October 11

Mr. Joseph Grimond

I AM TALKING to you tonight from Aberdeen—not London. Aberdeen may seem pretty far north to some of you, but even so, it's a long way south of the constituency I'm fighting. Now I mention that right away because I want to stress that Britain is a fairly big place and people's lives vary a good deal within it. We can't be fitted into a Whitehall file or a column of statistics. We're individual human beings. We have to make our own lives among our friends and families in our own neighbourhoods. Now that's one thing Liberals have to emphasise.

After all, what sort of a life do we want to live? What sort of a country do we want Britain to be? We certainly want to help all those who need help—we want no one to feel the fear of hunger, or illness, or unemployment, or old age. But we want more than this: we want everyone, every child leaving school, for instance, to feel that they have room to make a good life for themselves all over Britain.

This world, with its infinite variety, its hopes and fears and possibilities, it belongs to us. We elect a government, not to try and fit us into its idea of what ought to happen, but to help us to realise our own ideas. I'm certain that our Government today is too centralised, too inhuman. We try to run too much from London, and London doesn't always know how half the country lives.

Take transport, for instance—a transport which none of us can do without, as I well know. I have just flown 150 miles by aeroplane today. We need a revolution in our attitude towards freight charges and by-roads, and bus and lorry and rail services: that is, if we're serious about developing this country as a whole. What we've got to do is to make the extra effort to look beyond the big centres to the outlying towns and beyond them to the villages and the cottages.

It's not so much a question of spending more money but of cutting out money we waste on less necessary things and putting it into our own countryside. It's the same to some extent with water and light and telephones. These things are even more needed in the country than they are in the town, and indeed, our agricultural policy itself, which is very good for most places, isn't altogether meeting the need for land development in Britain as a whole. We have vast open spaces in Scotland, and in England and Wales, which we must use if we're going to get the food we need. And there are many local problems which affect some parts of Britain more than others. If we have to wait until they've all been referred to Whitehall, we shall all be dead or bankrupt. And now, that's one reason why Liberals want to give control over their own affairs to Scotland and Wales. Just as we're anxious to see everyone, whatever class he may belong to, or however rich or poor he may be, get the best out of life, so we want every part of Great Britain helped to make the best of itself.

But please don't let me give you the impression that Liberals are only interested in outlandish places—though I'm sure Shetland and Anglesey are no more outlandish than Woodford and

Stepney. Indeed, from my own experience, there's as much interest in the country districts about foreign affairs as there is anywhere in Britain. Now this question of foreign affairs—it boils down in most people's mind to the question as to whether there's going to be peace or war, and that indeed is a vital matter for everyone. Hard as it is, we have to face the need for rearmament. We and our allies must be too strong to be worth attacking. That's, to my mind, the first thing.

But that's not enough. Britain is a part of Europe, but we also have a world-wide Commonwealth and we speak the same language as America. So we have a special responsibility, and a special opportunity, to take the lead in building up friendship and prosperity among the western nations and carrying that over to Africa and the east. I've sometimes felt that the Labour Government were too hesitant about this. It's the job of Liberals to keep plugging away at a positive policy for peace. And if we could succeed in winning a real peace—something more than the mere staving off of a third world war—then we should be a long way nearer meeting our problems at home. Then trade would flow more freely and we could get on with the job of developing the world's resources for the benefit of us all.

But there's a great deal we can do in the meantime. We've come some way since the war—but not far enough. We're still not exporting enough, and we've borrowed a lot of money which we'll have to repay. So although a lot of people are much better off than they used to be, our old enemy—the cost of living—is catching up on us. It's up to us all to buckle to and make the best of our resources. What politicians can do is to see that more efficient work is encouraged and rewarded. The Labour Government so often seems to discourage it—for instance by docking a man's pension if he goes on working after sixty-five. Let's get the Government off our backs and out in front, preparing the way for our own efforts. For instance, Liberals would like to see taxation reduced or altered so as to bear less heavily on enterprise. We want to get rid of some of the restrictions and form filling which really doesn't assist planning, but greatly irritates everyone who tries to do a job. And we'd like to see workers get a greater share in the profits of industry. We don't want more nationalisation—indeed, we want more competition, more competition perhaps than the Tories would relish. Instead of the state or one class of people owning most of the country's wealth, let's spread it more widely. But let's also increase the total wealth by giving as many people as possible a real chance and a real incentive to give of their best.

Now, what about housing? One of the first things many of you want is a decent home, and it certainly isn't easy to get one. Liberals won't promise you that you can build 200,000 or 300,000, or even 400,000 houses. And again, we remember that when it comes to it, it's you who are going to do the building. When the Tories say they will build 300,000 houses, you won't see the Conservative Members of Parliament marching down to the housing sites with trowels and ladders, behind that well-known bricklayer, Mr. Churchill. It's the building workers who've got to do most of the building. We think the Liberal policy of incentives will help to get greater output from builders, just as from other workers. But I'm also sure that in many places more could be done at less expense to get houses, if more help were given—and more materials—to the man who is willing to build or repair a house for himself. And again it's a case of realising that different districts need a different type of house, and of using all our resources—including local materials and small building firms—if we're going to get the homes we need.

Well, it's on these sort of lines that Liberals will try to help you to tackle our problems, and do let's go out and tackle them. Too often the Government seems to sit and wait until the storm breaks, and then it beats a hasty retreat behind a smoke-screen of explanations. On October 25 you will all have to elect representatives to speak for you in Parliament. Some of you will have the opportunity of voting for a Liberal. I hope you'll take it. No vote could be more valuable. The very fact that a Liberal can look at things from perhaps a slightly wider point of view than members of other parties will make his voice count all the more. He can concentrate on the really important matters which face the country and his constituents, instead of being one more pawn in the general battle between tory and socialist.

Don't be afraid that he won't be able to do anything. Look at the attention both the other parties now pay to the Liberal Party. He'll be listened to, and as has so often happened in the past, ideas developed by Liberals will eventually be accepted. He'll help to keep the Government up to the mark—the Liberal mark. And he will really try to speak for you—you, a human being—and not merely for one of the big party machines.

—October 12

Lord Woolton

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. How you vote on October 25 will be of the greatest importance. It will affect your standard of living, your security, your future, your children. And it may determine Britain's place in the world for years to come. We must have a Government that shows greater competence at home, and that has the capacity and the determination to look after our interests abroad.

Some people regard elections as fun: others as a chance to 'have a go' at people they don't particularly like. All right. But the situation today at home and abroad is too serious for either fun or personalities. We must judge policies and performances. We mustn't allow electioneering tactics to make us forget. In this election the Government doesn't seem to be appealing to us on its record: indeed, it's trying to frighten us, frighten us by telling us what might happen if we put in a Conservative Government. Surely that's a strange appeal to make to British people, for we haven't in the past been easily frightened.

What the Government supporters are talking most about on the doorstep is the danger of war: they're asking, will the tories make war? They mean another war, of course: we're already at war in Malaya and Korea. Don't be led away by this whispering campaign about war. It's just a political red herring. The idea is to take your attention away from the Government's failures, their failures at home, and certainly their failures abroad. Last Monday Mr. Churchill, in his broadcast, showed up the falsehood of this very malicious story. It's all of a piece with the other rumours that are designed to frighten you—rumours that the tories will reduce old age pensions, that they will cut the food subsidies, abolish rent control, put up the cost of living, that they will reduce family allowances. There's not a word of truth in any of these charges. They can't appeal to your reason and so they try to arouse your fears. Well, don't be misled; don't let them pull wool over your eyes. Decide the way you'll vote on what you know. Study the record. Ask yourself what sort of people you want to govern the country in these difficult days. Which of the two main parties do you think will give us a stable government, a unity of purpose, freedom from differences

and quarrels within its own ranks, and the courage—yes, the courage, the courage to tread the difficult road to recovery, for it will be difficult.

There are three extremely hard problems which the new Government will have to tackle, and here they are—the three of them. We must see to the strength of our defences if we're to keep peace. All history proves that it's weakness that leads to war. Rearmament is going to cost a lot of money—which we will have to find—and it's going to take a lot of labour, which we'd all like to see used in other ways. But if, by being strong, we prevent war it'll all be worth it. And so, that being the case, we'd better get on with the job and get it done quickly, and done well.

But now for the other two problems. Problems that concern all of us in our daily life. And these problems are how to steer the country off the financial rocks, and then how to check the rising cost of living, and then to bring it down. The first of these—that is, to keep the country off the rocks—we must tackle at once. Fortunately, the treatment that's needed for the one will help the other. We shall have to fall back on two well-tried and very practical remedies—economy in spending of public money, and sheer hard work from top to bottom—from top to bottom—in the factories, the workshops, and the offices. Economy is never a popular doctrine—but just you look around you. Can't you think of scores of ways in which the Government is spending our money as though it were easily come by—and it isn't. I don't mean only the losses on nationalisation, but in all the multitude of ways that, added up, cost us millions of pounds a year. We're using too many people to check and control other people: too many people are being paid to tell other people what they mustn't do. Well, that's not the way to get the best out of people. Give responsibility; don't take it away. Encourage enterprise. We are too much governed. And, you know, it's not our natural way of doing things. The Government has squandered money, and as a result, not only are we taxed in peacetime as high as we were in war, but people abroad no longer think of sterling, as they used to, as a safe and stable currency. Now I'm surprised that the Government speakers in their election campaign aren't warning us of these financial facts. They are so serious—for all of us.

So far as our world trading position is concerned—why, you saw it only this morning in the papers, didn't you?—we're down by something like £927,500,000 in nine months on the balance of our imports over our exports—more than three times the corresponding figure of a year ago. £927,500,000 in nine months. Well, I find that very disturbing. If we're not paying our way, how are we going to get people to trade with us and sell us food and raw materials? These problems of high finance at bottom are just like those of managing house-keeping money: only they're bigger and less easy to control. If we don't live within our means there's trouble coming to us. And the same applies to the country.

Well, what can we do about it? First of all, let's have the courage to check up on our spending, both nationally and locally. In the second place, as a nation, we simply have to earn more money: we have to produce more, and consequently we and our machines will have to work harder. If this country is going to be put on to the road to recovery, these steps will have to be taken, whichever government is in power, and no one is going to like taking them. And yet the nation will have to be roused and inspired to this task. But it won't be done only by making speeches. The socialist ministers have made a lot of speeches lately—you've probably

noticed it—about something that they call 'increased productivity'—they like these big words. Of course what they mean is working harder. We need a full-blooded drive from every one of us; there must be no holding back but there must be no grounds for suspicion. The Government must not only encourage hard work; it must reward it. But if such is to be the temper of the workers in industry, the shareholders will not think it right that they should have extra profits because the nation is spending £3,000,000,000 in rearmament. And so, for this limited period of rearmament, the Conservative Party would impose a new tax upon all profits made in excess of a standard based on some recent experience. And thus we should see that no company made undue profits out of the extra effort that's put forward. There won't be grounds for suspecting that by speeding up the production of arms more profits are being made for someone else. Then, having done that, a Conservative Government would call on every form and grade of industry to put the national need first, and by hard work to make a sustained effort to get the country out of its present financial mess.

To increase production is a patriotic and a virtuous act. The reward of such virtue must be clear and direct—and something that you can get hold of. We must pay people more for producing more. I believe that one of the best things we could do to make us all feel able to work harder would be to give us more red meat to eat—but that's by the way. We'll have to make more goods, and the more goods we make, the quicker will supply once again meet the demand for them. Competition will come back among manufacturers and shopkeepers, and not until then will the public be better and more cheaply served. And so I repeat, by economy in government, and by personal effort, we shall pay our way as a nation; we shall check the rise in the cost of living, and by making more goods, we shall begin to bring down prices.

But there's something else we want. We want houses to live in. Comfort at home. Before the war we built 350,000 houses a year—more than 1,000 houses every working day. The builders, both employers and members of the union, know that providing houses is the greatest of all the domestic problems that are facing us. They know that the health, as well as the happiness, of people—and especially of young people and children—depends on this, and on them. If a Government in whom both sides had confidence that they'd get a straight deal—if such a Government were to ask the building trades, as a piece of national service, to build 1,000 houses or flats a day, have you any doubt about whether they could do it? I haven't any. That's the way to get the job done: mutual confidence; the call of a great public service. And everyone can join in with confidence because there's enough building work waiting in this country to keep the building trade busy for many years to come. Well, that's a practical example of what we could do for Britain by a big drive on output.

You'll expect me to say something to you about food. There's no man in this country who's more conscious than I am of the difficulties that face a Minister of Food. But I do think that things might have been better for us if they'd been managed in a different way and with a different outlook. It's six years since the war ended, and we still have a diet that is monotonous—and not very tasty. Starchy foods aren't right for men and women who work long hours, and then have to queue for a bus to get home. Starchy foods may be filling but they're not satisfying. I suppose it's what the domestic economists would call a form of internal inflation. We need a better diet—and I believe

that we can get it. In the days when we relied on the food traders to get what we wanted, this country was one of the best markets in the world for food. Food producers came here from everywhere to try to sell their goods to us. And now under government control, we go to them—we go to buy. Government talks to government and maybe quarrels. Trader no longer talks to trader. You know, it's not a good system. It was inevitable in war time, but the sooner it ends the better we shall be fed, the greater variety we shall have, and the more pleasure we shall get out of our food. Our food at present is very dear; and, of course, we don't pay the full cost over the food counter, because of food subsidies. But we pay for the subsidies through taxes on other things that we buy. There's an election story going about that the Conservatives would cut food subsidies. That isn't true. What we want to do is to get rid of the need for the food subsidies. Britain produces a little less than half of the food that she needs. We want to produce more. We must depend less upon our imports. We're an island people. During the war we were often in great straits when our imported food was being sunk by the enemy. No one who has occupied a position in the Ministry of Food will ever have any doubt about the importance of supporting and cherishing British agriculture. It's not only an industry; it's our fourth line of defence. The Conservative Party will watch over it, and safeguard it. We will encourage the farmers, we will assure the workers on the land of a good standard of life.

And, by the way, there's another story going about. It is that if the Conservatives come in after the election, the recent increase in wages to agricultural workers, which was awarded by the Wages Board, will be cancelled. Of course that's not true. The award was made by an independent board. Their findings are final and outside of the control, or the interference, of any government, and you needn't have any fear about that. But the Conservative Party wants to do more than raise wages to meet the already risen cost of living. We want to make living and working in the country more attractive—more and better houses, water supply, electricity in rural areas. Why shouldn't people who have the advantage of country air also have the advantages that modern science and sanitation have brought to the town dweller? I think that's right. But let me remind you. Remember this. The standard of these things and the other social services, the standard of our home life—all these things are wrapped up in Britain being able to pay her way as a nation. You just can't get away from this problem; it meets us wherever we turn. If prices still keep going up, both the money we earn and all the provisions for pensions, family allowances, and the like, all lose their value. We all become poorer. That's why we must get down to this job, get down to the job and work our way to recovery.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I've tried to tell you something of the aims of the Conservative Party. Let me sum them up. We will seek peace. We will seek peace through strength and not through fear. We will command the respect of the world—because our actions and our policy will deserve it. We will encourage Empire trade and Colonial development. We will seek allies in the other countries that are pledged to freedom—and to honourable undertakings. And at home, without fear or favour, we will deal justly with all classes.

Some of you who have been good enough to listen to me tonight may be interested to know that over the door through which my staff and I entered the Ministry of Food during the war I had these words written: 'We not only cope, we care'. That was the spirit of the Ministry. We not only coped, we cared. Whilst we regretted that we had to ration you, we remem-

bered always that we were your servants. We were just a group of ordinary British men and women, drawn together to help the nation. Such people could be numbered by the million in this country. There's nothing wrong with Britain or the British people that can't be put right if they're given resolute leadership and the chance to use their native genius. The Conservative Party have the men who can give you this leadership. A Conservative Government would be able to cope, and I know that it would care. Care for the welfare of the people, care for the unfortunate, the sick, the old and the needy; care for the honour and the integrity of a great nation whom it would be proud to serve and to restore to its rightful place. Ladies and gentlemen, good night.

—October 13

Mr. R. R. Stokes

GOOD EVENING, EVERYONE. People often ask me why I, a successful business man, am in the Labour Party. In point of fact, I'm not exceptional—there are many like me. In the Labour Party we're a mixed bag, not a flock of sheep. I'll tell you more about that in a moment.

But first a word about Abadan. Most of you know that I went to Teheran and Abadan in August to try to arrange a settlement. I wish some of the Tories had been there with me. If they had seen that great refinery, with its 37,000 Persian workers, they would have realised that you can't run it by force. But equally, the Persians can't run it without the skilled oil engineers. I saw our men too, and the fine job they've done. They told me that they would not work as direct employees of the Persian Government, and I understood their point. I put their case to the Persians, but the Persians refused to agree. I think they were wrong, that they're cutting off their nose to spite their own face. But that's no reason why we should do the same. They can't run the refinery without trained engineers, we can't run it without the Persian workers. So long as we keep our heads, there's still a great deal to be saved. The important thing to remember all the time about Persia is that one rash act on our part might have started another war. Herbert Morrison was right. If we had sent in troops, for any other purpose than to defend the lives of our own people, we should have had the whole moral opinion of the world against us.

Now for the General Election. I've studied the manifesto and the speeches of our opponents, and I must say I don't think they are quite playing the game. The first principle of business life—and the first principle of public life—is honesty. Neither the business man nor the statesman will get anywhere in the long run, unless they tell the truth. And that means giving the people all the facts.

Are you getting them from the Tories? Take houses. I had to deal with that problem last year when I was responsible for the building industry at the Ministry of Works, and I think I know the most business-like way of tackling it. A competent man doesn't work on targets, unless he knows he can hit them. Otherwise his plans all go cock-eyed. He doesn't say 'We'll have a target of 300,000 houses'; he starts from the number of building workers, and the amount of raw materials he has. If he hasn't got enough materials, he tries to get more. That's what we did. It's bricks and mortar, timber and cement that decide how many houses it is possible to build. And the answer is that when you've scraped the bottom of the barrel for raw materials, we can just get enough to build 200,000 houses a year, without interfering with defence. We've been building that number, and

we'll go on building that number. Anyone can dream up a target: 300,000, 500,000, 1,000,000—just think of a number! That's rubbish. Think of a number and double it, is a child's game. It's not business.

Now take meat. What the Tories are saying about meat is plumb crazy. Look at the facts. The world's population is growing rapidly, and it's getting richer. As it gets bigger and better off, it eats more meat. And there's a terrible shortage of meat everywhere. The shortage sends more people buying meat all over the world, and it forces up the price. Let me put a suggestion to you about that. If you've got a Tory businessman candidate, go and ask him what he does when there are more buyers for the goods he wants, and fewer goods to buy. Ask Lord Woolton. He controls a whole row of department stores. Does he set one store bidding against another, or department bidding against department? Of course he doesn't! He sends one buyer or one team of buyers for each commodity, and that's what we've been doing with meat. We send one team of skilled meat buyers to bargain with the Argentine, or, better still, we make a fifteen-year long-term contract with Australia, to encourage them to breed more cattle, and so produce more meat. To set a few hundred British meat buyers bidding prices up against each other is the madhouse method. Why, it's like taking your wife and family with you to an auction, to bid against yourself.

Now take another matter. Some Tories have gone around repeating that all nationalised industries make losses. They've got the facts upside down. The Electricity Authority is making a profit, the Coal Board is making a profit, Gas has made a profit, Cable and Wireless has made a profit, the Raw Cotton Commission has made a profit, and so, of course, has the Bank of England—and they're all nationalised. And, by the way, it's nonsense to think you've answered that by saying that they only made those profits by pushing up prices. The fact is that prices charged by nationalised concerns have risen less than those in private firms. The only two big nationalised concerns that have not made a profit are Airways and Transport. But Airways were subsidised long before we took them over, just as they still are in most countries. They're doing very well at the moment, cutting their losses every year, but they have been worth every penny of the subsidy, because they are part of the life-blood of Commonwealth communications.

Transport's a different story. Like the coal mines, the railways were badly run down after six years of war, when we took over. The Transport Commission is clearing up the mess left behind by the war. It is building up co-operation between railways, road haulage and canals; but it takes time. It's a long job, but it will take longer if the Tories get their way. Road haulage, the most flourishing part of the transport system, the Tories say they want to hand back to private owners. Or rather, that's what they wanted last year. This year they seem to have changed their minds. In road haulage, costs have gone up, as they have everywhere else, and there's a chance that some of it will make a loss. So the private owners are now to have a choice. If the bit they used to own is still profitable, they can have it back. But if it isn't, the Transport Commission can keep it. Well, you're the owners today; do you think that's fair?

There's another thing the Tories have got all wrong. They say that when a nationalised industry loses money, it's the taxpayer who pays. That just is not true. Let me tell you what does happen. Plenty of business men have had the experience that the nation has had, of taking over an unprofitable business, and turning it into a going concern, and they all know that that often means starting with a loss. When that

happens the losses are carried on the books—to use a commercial expression. It's precisely the same with the public industries. The losses are carried on the books and don't cost the taxpayer a penny. Look what happened to the Coal Board. In the first year, when the Board was still taking stock of the unbelievable muddle it inherited from private enterprise, it had a loss of £24,000,000. That came out of the reserve funds. Every year since then, the Coal Board has made a profit. That profit has gone back into reserve, and the first year's loss is now almost completely wiped out. I can't believe that the Tories don't know those simple facts, and I should like to know why they tell you the opposite.

I don't believe that this sort of thing wins votes. The British people have too much common sense for that. So let's turn to something else. Let's take a look at what the British people have actually been doing these last few years. First of all, our production has gone up tremendously since the war, and we've got to go on pushing it up still higher. It's more important than ever, because Britain has got to be strong, and that means production and more production. It's no use at all being able to produce arms for defence after a war has broken out. Wars break out all of a sudden—acrobats arrive overhead and you've had it. When the other fellow is already armed to the teeth, just having the capacity to make arms is about as useless for defence as a sentry asleep at his post. It's now that you've got to use the capacity to make the arms if you're going to stop aggression.

And to get results, the first thing you've got to do is to plan. You can't run a business without planning, and you can't run a country without it. That does not mean that every plan is always successful, either in business or in politics. There isn't a big business in this country without some kind of groundnuts skeleton somewhere in its cupboard. And, incidentally, even groundnuts are beginning to pay their way now.

In business, a man who hasn't the courage to risk making a mistake, won't get very far. We are a Government of action, and of course mistakes have been made. With a government of no action, there won't be mistakes, but then nothing gets done. That explains the unemployment queues of days gone by—nothing done to cure them! But you have to plan. Ask any business-man. Ask Lord Woolton. You can't build up and run a chain of multiple stores without planning, and Lord Woolton knows it. Ask any journalist, for that matter. Do you suppose that to produce the *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook merely sits in an armchair and shouts into a dictaphone? The trouble in the national economy is that we didn't start planning soon enough.

So planning is the first essential. The second, is good human relations in industry. That means peace. In the five years after the first world war, when the Tories were running the country, Britain lost nearly 180,000,000 days of work through strikes—180,000,000! That is nearly twenty times more than it has been in the five years after the second world war, with Labour in power. This is because workers all over the country had confidence in the Government. They knew they would get a fair deal. And let me remind you we are not yet out of our difficulties. No one owes us a living, and we must pay our way. This means greater production from everyone—and I mean everyone—otherwise down will go our standard of living. How can you expect people to work harder, unless we have a Government the workers trust, because it believes in fair shares?

That's the second basic principle. The third is that you must approach your problems with an open mind. Methods that are good for one fac-

tory may be no good in another, and the same thing applies to the national economy. As Jim Griffiths says, there is no sense in saying that all nationalisation is always wrong, any more than there's any sense in saying that nationalisation is always right. You have to judge each case on its merits. That is exactly what Labour has been doing. But no two schemes of nationalisation have been the same. In each case we've tried to find the method that best fitted the circumstances. Gracious goodness me, that's one of the things I had to explain to the Persians.

I like to judge by results. I always believed that Labour was the party that could get things done, and they have. The Cabinet has set an example of real hard work. I drive myself pretty hard, but I've been astonished by the freshness and vigour of people like Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison: they seem to have learned the secret of working fifteen hours a day and liking it. The country has backed them up. Employers and managers and workers have all done a magnificent job, and look at the results. Since 1946, industrial production in this country has increased by two-fifths, and the increase is even bigger, if you compare with 1938. It has been rising more than twice as fast as in the United States. That doesn't mean that we're more efficient than the United States; by no means, we've a very long way to go yet. But it does mean that it took a Labour Government to start Britain drawing level with America.

Some people still say that you'll never get the best results in industry unless you bring back unemployment. They believe you've got to frighten people into working hard. That's not my experience. Look what's been done since 1945, to get output up. And remember, it wouldn't only be the manual workers who would suffer from unemployment. Office workers would be hit too, and the professional and technical people in industry as well. I'm one of them myself. I know that many of us are worse off, although we're beginning to benefit from the Health Service, from schools, and the other social services. We had to tackle the problem of poverty first, but we're certainly not going to forget the middle class. As for the small shopkeepers, they benefit enormously from full employment. They've never been so secure in their lives—customers with full pay packets is what matters to them. But surely what counts for all of us is to know that we've made a start in applying Christian principles.

I said earlier on that I would tell you what it was that brought me into the Labour Party. Well, that's it—Christian principles. I'm in the Labour Party because I think the socialist approach to human problems comes nearer to the practice of my beliefs than anything else on offer. I'll explain. In the first world war I was a soldier—a fighting soldier, not a brass hat. The two things that most impressed me during that frightful period were the great spirit of comradeship in struggling for a common aim, and the horror and futility of war as a means of settling disputes. I determined that when war stopped, I would do my best to preserve that spirit of comradeship, and find some means of stopping war for ever. But when peace broke out and I entered industry, what did I find? The comradeship had disappeared, there was no common aim, everyone was engaged in grabbing for himself. There was a rush for the bowler hat, and the devil take the hindmost. And he did. Millions were on the dole.

There were too many unwanted people. You know, it's a frightful thing to be unwanted. I came to the conclusion that these evils led to war. George Lansbury once said to me, 'Dick, wars come from empty bellies'—so what I had to do was to find a system which would abolish poverty and so prevent war. The old parties had nothing to offer, so I joined the Labour Party.

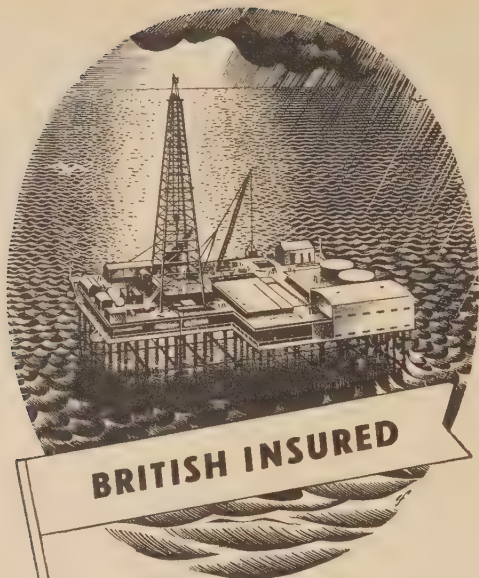
In the trenches, men from all classes and sections were in it together, and that same unity I found in the Labour Party. It's perfectly true that there are still a few misguided people in both parties who still think and talk class hatred. But I know the Labour Party pretty well from long experience, and you can take it from me that in the Labour Party, class hatred is not going to come to the top. It is a party of all the people, working class and middle class, office workers and farm workers, coal miners and managing directors.

But we're not trying to reduce everyone to a dead level. People aren't all the same, thank God; the world would be a dull place if they were. There's plenty of room for everyone with us, and lots of room for private enterprise, so long as it aims at the welfare of the people. And we're a tolerant crowd. We intend to be fair. The Government has a pretty good record on that score, and I'm glad to see it's going to do even better in the future. A Bill is to be introduced next session to amend the 1944 Education Act, which still left the Governors of Voluntary Schools with a feeling of hardship. The new Bill won't give parents and teachers of Voluntary Schools all they ask for. But it is a step in the right direction. That's tolerance—and it's a part of the faith that brought me into the Labour Party.

In a famous letter published in 1940, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Moderator of the Free Churches and the Archbishop of York came together. They stated the principles which should guide policy in a Christian society, if peace is to reign. 'Extreme inequality in wealth and possessions should be abolished', they said. 'The resources of the earth should be used as God's gifts to the whole human race'. There lies the hope for the teeming millions of the earth, more than half of whom live in desperate poverty. There too lies the cure for war. That is the faith that can save the world. We must not fail. Christianity hasn't failed, it's never been tried. Surely it's time it was. Good night.

—October 15

The *I Ching*, better known to English readers as the Book of Changes, forms part of the Confucian Canon. There are several translations of the *I Ching* in European languages. The translation by Richard Wilhelm was made first into German in 1924, and is now retranslated by Cary F. Baynes into English from the German (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 2 volumes, £2 2s.). Most translators have taken the traditional view, that the later exegesis is relevant to an understanding of the early text. The present is no exception. It must however be unique, in that the translator Dr. Wilhelm, while regarding the book as wisdom literature, thinks it is effective as an oracle. He has put the 'technique of the oracle into practice over a number of years'. It is with the idea that others might like to do the same that this translation has been made. Instructions for consulting it are appended to the translation, which may be done either with yarrow stalks of 'old Chinese coins'. It is not, however, everybody's book. 'All are not equally fitted to consult the oracle. It requires a clear and tranquil mind, receptive to the cosmic influences'. Even more interesting perhaps than the translation, and the faith of its author in the oracle, is the preface of the eminent psychologist C. G. Jung. He, too, has put the oracle to the test, and on getting a favourable response, encouraged the present English edition, and contributed a preface. Dr. Jung sees in the *I Ching*, a principle he calls 'synchronicity', a concept that 'formulates a point of view diametrically opposed to that of causality'. This will not be readily apparent to everyone for 'In the *I Ching* the only criterion of the validity of synchronicity is the observer's opinion that the text of the hexagram amounts to a true rendering of his psychic condition'. Apart from its use in psychoanalysis, the *I Ching* has been put to other curious uses. Leibnitz once thought that he saw his theory of binary mathematics there.



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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Audience Research

Sir,—I am glad to learn from Mr. Silvey's interesting letter that Audience Research realises the importance of quality. He appears however to claim for it that it can assess quality systematically. How does it do this? Researchers could of course record their reactions to any broadcast by a 'Yes' or 'No' and the results could be easily tabulated, but Mr. Silvey has, very rightly, something more complex than this in view, and as soon as complexity is admitted does not the material become recalcitrant? To take an example, one researcher may report on a talk 'I like it—so subtle', and another 'I dislike it—too subtle'. The talk can now be safely labelled as subtle, and so far so good, but towards what systematic assessment are we proceeding? And if another pair of researchers respectively like or dislike the same talk for some other reason, even the label has to go.

Audience Research seems to be an excellent instrument of precision, and when quantitative reports, and they only, are required, it should be most useful. In matters of quality its conclusions are unlikely to help and might even mislead—not through any flaw in its team-work but because the method it employs is here inapplicable. Numbers respond to precision-methods. Values do not.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 E. M. FORSTER

Industrial Profits—and Journalism

Sir,—M. Pierre Fr  d  rix says that 'the principal reproach which can be laid at the door of French employers, is that in the past they have not associated their workers with the development of their industry'.

In the light of thirty-three years of what have seemed to me to be good results from it, may I suggest that the team-work of the modern business-world requires—and not in France alone—a vigorous use of private journalism? Those private newspapers must freely publish anonymous enquiries and criticisms. There must be no requirement of disclosure of the authorship. The anonymity must be complete. The result is freedom of speech not only from the managed to the managers but conversely.

To an honest management—and most managements are tolerably honest—this freedom of speech is an immense help. They find themselves able to talk directly not only to every worker but to his friends outside and this, moreover, in a form available for leisurely study and subsequent reference. The more scurrilous or malicious the anonymous attacks, the better, for the clearer the reality of the freedom of speech. Answers published with the attacks have all proper weight. What modern statesman would undertake to lead a democracy without newspapers available to all and sundry, including himself?

Mr. Roy Harrod does not agree with Mr. Carr that in British industry the rank and file will not be properly efficient until 'the profit motive has been abolished'. May I respectfully agree with Mr. Roy Harrod? In forty-seven years of pretty close contact with a wide variety of British workers of both sexes and all ages, I have come to feel very sure that what they want is not that the profit-motive should be abolished but that their own share of the profit should be far larger and, above all, that their own earnings should not have a fixed limit while the remainder of whatever there is to have is going elsewhere.

The fulfilment of that wish will be the next step in the evolution of capitalism. It is beginning to happen all over the world not only on our side of the Iron Curtain but also in the Russian Czarism under its new name. My own yearly income, if I had not renounced it long ago, would be today much above £250,000, a monstrous reward for success in any private enterprise or any public post. No man can in any good sense consume such an income. He can only give it away, and what will he be giving? The proceeds of an income-tax levied upon workers, who could have had more pay, or of a purchase-tax levied upon consumers, who could have had better value. Captains of industry should not be self-appointed supplementary tax-gatherers either for themselves or for absentee shareholders. They will have to be content with a handsome professional income and those, who wish to raise risk-bearing capital, will have to offer a fixed instead of an unlimited reward. Genuine partnership will have to be substituted for exploiting employment.

Diversion from workers of earnings, that could and should go to them, may perhaps be less undesirable socially if in each case the lump sum is spread over a large body of shareholders but risk-bearing capital will be forthcoming on terms much less unreasonable and such diversion affects disastrously the mood of the rank and file of the workers. What they care about is not whether they actually get a little more or a little less but whether in each case they are getting what they feel to be their due.

There is no substance in the suggestion that in times of low profits or of losses they will be too discouraged or soured. All that is necessary to prevent that is to keep them properly informed by adequate journalism. *Experto crede.*

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

J. SPEDAN LEWIS

The Significance of Parapsychology

Sir,—Mr. Parrott is, I think, quite right to point out how misleading it would be to describe certain spontaneous ESP phenomena as guesses. In these cases I should prefer to speak of veridical visions, sound hunches, or justified forebodings, revealing ESP capacity. But this is surely not incompatible with my suggestion that 'guesswork' may not be the ultimately correct category for ESP, but is more apt than either 'cognition' or 'perception'. Such unreasoned visions, hunches, and forebodings—which sometimes come to people out of the blue and later turn out to have been right—seem so much more like correct guesses than like cases of seeing or knowing that they might, provisionally, be put into the category of guesswork; or considered as its fellow species in some one genus.

I have tried elsewhere (*Cambridge Journal*, July 1950) to justify my slighting references to J. W. Dunne's serial theory of time; which seems to me radically mistaken. Nor does Miss Dorothy Sayers' very persuasively developed 'analogy of the author "outside" the characters of his book' make intelligible to me talk of 'another time "beyond" . . . our own'. For the reason why it makes no sense to ask of an event in a novel (as opposed to the describing of it) whether it occurred before, after, or at the same time as some event in the author's life is not that events in a novel occur 'in another time series' or 'outside time'; but that they do not occur at all. For events in fiction are not

actual events which occur; but imaginary events which do not occur. That is the difference between fact and fiction. The analogy breaks down at precisely that point which here, surely, is crucial.—Yours, etc.,

King's College, Aberdeen ANTONY FLEW

The New Society

Sir,—Mr. Pemberton tries, not very convincingly, to rescue Mr. Harrod by interpreting what he said in a Pickwickian sense. I paid Mr. Harrod the tribute of assuming that he had said what he meant. If either thinks that the Game Laws were 'equal laws', helping to 'protect the poor' by equally oppressing rich and poor, then they will surely believe anything. Of the fresh crop of historical errors introduced by Mr. Pemberton, here are the three most choice:

(i) The Indemnity Acts were not 'annual', but were passed at very irregular intervals for only a year at a time—hence the real grievances of the Dissenters.

(ii) He will find plenty of 'shreds of evidence' connecting the movement for Catholic Emancipation with the French Revolution (via the French Wars to which the Revolution gave rise) if he would read Sydney Smith's *Letters of Peter Plymley*, written in 1807.

(iii) Poor Wilberforce, and many of his colleagues who pressed for the abolition of slavery, were apparently not Christians!

I am tempted to modify the charge of 'fanciful history' which I made against Mr. Harrod. Compared with Mr. Pemberton, he was the quintessence of accuracy.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

DAVID THOMSON

Raymond Chandler

Sir,—In his appreciative letter Mr. Eric Partridge's memory is inaccurate. I read and forthwith accepted *The Big Sleep* in New York in 1938 and it was published here in March 1939, being re-printed twice within the year. It was not until 1940, when I was in the Army, that Mr. Partridge read for us and reported on *Farewell My Lovely*.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

HAMISH HAMILTON

'Life of Baron von H  gel'

Sir,—Mr. Binns has drifted a long way from what I understood to be his original point. This, I take it, was that no intelligent and honest Catholic can swallow the Church's attitude to Scripture once he is made aware of it. The examples of von H  gel, Mendel, and Pasteur were cited as evidence. In the case of Mendel and Pasteur, your readers were expected to take Mr. Binns' word for it that they must have been ignorant of the Church's attitude to Scripture since they were intelligent and honest and did not leave the Church. Not surprisingly, this monstrous *petitio principii* has been discreetly dropped. We are left with the Baron, or rather with Mr. Binns' private views about what the Baron meant in a letter.

What Mr. Binns thought the Baron was trying to say is no better evidence than what I thought he was trying to say. The evidence is what he did say. What he said was, in effect, that any interpretation of the Church's attitude such as Mr. Binns is now making would rejoice anti-Roman hearts, but that such an interpretation was, as a matter of history, erroneous. How right the Baron was is proved by the fact that the famous



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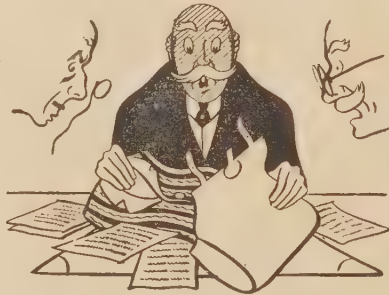
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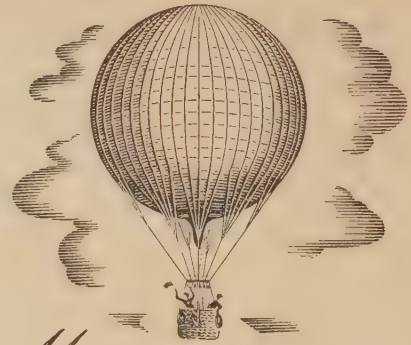
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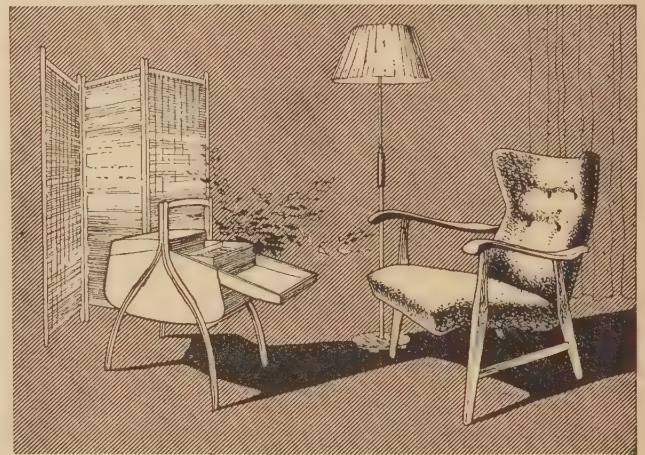
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I am not concerned to deny that in these matters Rome moves slowly and very cautiously, nor am I concerned to deny that the Baron thought that Rome moved much too slowly and cautiously. If Mr. Binns would only borrow my book, he would be able to read the whole story. But this does not touch the two points which make complete nonsense of Mr. Binns' attempt to use the Baron to buttress his original argument. The first is that the Baron himself watched with the greatest pain the spiritual impoverishment and mental narrowing of those of his friends, like Loisy, who followed the line of argument which Mr. Binns now advocates and recommends as better than Rome's. Incidentally, I understand (though I am no Scripture scholar) that the best critics today, whether Catholic or otherwise, are far more conservative than Loisy and even than the Baron. The second is that the Baron himself, who fills all Mr. Binns' demands as an intelligent, honest and learned Catholic, so far from leaving the Church because of his Scriptural difficulties firmly adhered to it with an ever increasing vividness of insight into its greatness and rightness and an ever deepening of love for it until the day of his death.

So much for von Hügel, Pasteur, and Mendel as champions of Mr. Binns.

Finally, if Mr. Binns thinks that Aquinas' belief in the Trinity rested solely on the Comma,

he must know less about Aquinas and the Catholic Faith than his sternest Catholic critic could have dreamt.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19 MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Local Accent

Sir,—In my experience the announcer's vowels are above reproach. With all due deference to Mr. Rollo I am quite sure that none of them habitually says *herm* and *het* for *home* and *hat*. Euphony in speech comprises, among other things, good articulation; articulation means 'jointing', and the joints are the consonants; omission of consonants leads to crasis, the running of one vowel into another.

Early scripts were as continuous as the spoken utterance of which they were copies. They were later divided into detached words for the convenience of the eye. Thus, while we now write like this, *westillspeaklikethis*. Hence the omission of the *r* sound in *pair* of (*pair*ov) is as gross a solecism as its omission in *parent*. The grammatical rule: 'R in English is sounded only when it is immediately followed by a vowel' has nothing to do with the written language, but only with the spoken: it refers to the consonant *r*, not to the letter *r*: it is a phonological rule, not a graphological one. Phonologically the *r* in *pair* of is as immediately followed by a vowel as it is in *parent*. There is no *r* sound in *her*, *girl*, *curl*; the digraph 'er' represents a pure vowel sound. The *r* sound is

produced by the tapping of the tip of the tongue against the palate. The Scottish trilled or rolled *r* is the result of a rapid succession of taps. By contrast, the English *r* is sometimes called the one-tap *r*. To say *mod'n* is not to omit a consonant, but a vowel.

I am afraid that both Mr. Rollo and Mr. Mawer are still under the spell of the graphological fallacy. What is there hideous, slovenly, or cacophonous about the *r* sound? No, their objection to it in such phrases as *India-r-Office* or *area-r-of* is due to the fact that it does not appear in the spelling; the spoken language, they think, should reflect the written language not the written the spoken. But what is really objectionable is the crasis that almost inevitably results from the omission of the rhodian in these contexts—'Indi-Office', 'airy-of'. The actor's cry 'JessicaR, I say' embodies no *r* sound since the *r* is not immediately followed by a vowel, but by a comma presumably indicating the 'glottal stop'. The fact that the French 'euphonic *r*' is the ghost of a dead verbal flexion does not justify its survival; its justification in modern French is that it prevents crasis. The 'euphonic *r*' in English fulfils the same function. There is no analogy between it and the French *pataquès* which consists in misplacing the *t* and does not prevent crasis.

Yours, etc.,

Newquay

J. C. GRAHAM

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Gardening

Soft Fruit for Next Year

By F. H. STREETER

EVERY year someone says to me in June or July: 'I wish I had put in some soft and bush fruit last autumn; we never get enough and the stuff we buy always seems to lack that freshness and flavour, somehow'. Don't let that happen again: now is the time to get those bushes and plants in. Those of you with new gardens, for instance, with nothing in them at all, must make the most of your ground and carefully give a portion over to this kind of fruit in the form of a square; planted like this, it is much easier to manage, and if birds are troublesome in your district, think how easy it would be to net the bushes over.

Having made up your mind what you can afford and what you really would like, order everything first of all, because it will be several weeks before the nurseryman can give you delivery. Go to a good man (there are plenty of them about). Never buy rubbish or a lot of stuff just because it is cheap: and do not accept too many gifts—you never know what you are getting.

The next thing is to set about the ground and get it ready. Test it for lime; to do this take a saucer of vinegar and drop in a few pieces of the soil. If it fizzes, then it has enough, but if nothing happens, give it a dressing of 8 oz. to the square yard. Dig it deeply; place some manure or compost in the trenches as you go along, and mix it with the soil in the process of digging. It pays you to make a nice job of this plot because it lasts for years; this is not one of those annual affairs. Keep any grass or weeds well down where they will quickly rot, but be sure to burn any woody stuff and those perennial weeds. Keep the surface as level as you can but don't trouble to break it down too fine: that will come all right after you have done the planting.

Next, mark out the ground. Square it off with a peg at each corner and work by these; then you cannot go wrong. The method of planting a row along the edge of the path is a poor way; it

takes up too much space and you never know where you are.

Now about kinds of fruit. There are plenty to select from, but I will give you a few good varieties of each. In the lowest or dampest end of the plot, if there is any difference, put your raspberries, either Norfolk Giant or Malling Promise. Allow the canes eighteen inches in the row, and cut them down to eighteen inches or two feet, not right down. You can take whatever fruit comes the first year with perfect safety.

Next come the black currants. These branches spring from under the ground and not on a leg. After planting, you should cut them right down to one or two buds from the ground. This is to get strong shoots for cropping. You will not get any fruit the first year, but once you get the foundation right the crops will more than repay the loss of the first season. If you could manage to buy two-year-old bushes, so much the better; they will need four feet between the plants, and if you can manage more than one row, space them six feet between the rows. Seabrook Black is an early variety and makes lovely jam, and Boskoop's Giant is a beauty.

Then the red currants: these are exactly opposite, not only in colour but in treatment. These and gooseberries do well as cordons. Allow them four feet apart as bushes and two feet as cordons. They fruit all along the stem, so don't cut them back as you do with the black currants. They will reach a height of six feet on a single or triple cordon, but you must keep the laterals along the stem and the leaders pruned hard to encourage the clusters of buds. Laxton's Perfection and Earliest of Fourlands are good.

Gooseberries as cordons should be fifteen inches apart if single and five feet between the rows. Good varieties are Careless—pale green, Whinham's Industry—red, Whitesmith—white, of course. Then there is Leveller—yellowish green and a monster.

Here are a few quick tips: make sure you keep

your strawberry bed hoed and any runners removed; lift and root-prune that young, strong-growing plum tree; clear the dead stalks off the rhubarb—no, don't lift for forcing yet awhile, use your apples; keep the fresh grease on the bands round the apple trees, and don't get yourself smothered in it—let the moths do that.

—Home Service

In *Traditional Recipes of the British Isles* (Faber, 18s. 6d.) Mrs. Nell Heaton has collected a number of English dishes, grouped under the county of their origin. Each section has a decorative chapter heading by Berthold and Margaret Wolpe. The names of our English dishes are as beautiful and imaginative as our wildflower names—Brotherly Love, Saffron Wigs, Cold Water Willies, Fat Rascals and Fidgett Pie. There are good things to eat, with clear instructions how to make them, from every county. Some of the recipes are out of reach these days, but there is a vicarious pleasure in reading 'Take two geese...' or 'Cut and rub 8 oz. Devonshire cream into 1 lb. flour...' But there are many other good things quite within the bounds of rationing. Have a chorus of Singing Hinnies at your tea-party for a change! And there are a number of interesting things to do with that sullen lump of sausage meat or those few precious rashers. The book itself is beautifully presented, with its lilac cover, and should be popular with overseas visitors, who will regret perhaps having missed Partridge Pie in Norfolk, or Poor Knights of Windsor in Berkshire. It is to be hoped that our casual English cooking habits will be clear to them, or will they decide against Oat Cakes (from Kent, of course) because of the carefree 'tidy dolly of lard... with a nice drop of parsnip wine'? A pleasant book both to have and to give.

Intending medical students and those who have to advise them will find a valuable reference guide in *The B.M.A. Book of Medical Scholarships* (B.M.A., 10s.) which lists all scholarships and other monetary rewards available in Great Britain and Northern Ireland for medical study and research. The book has been compiled with the co-operation of the universities and medical schools of the country.

The Process of Evolution

(continued from page 628)

feeders: the sea-anemones and jellyfish and their relatives do possess a mouth, but have no head, and are built on a radial plan without distinction of front or back. The two highest groups are the arthropods—insects, crustaceans and spiders—and the vertebrates from fish to men. They both have an elaborate organisation, with head, limbs, eyes, heart and brain. But while the arthropods have many limbs and have a dead horny external skeleton for their mechanical framework, the vertebrates, when they once develop limbs, have two pairs only, and their skeleton is a living tissue, of cartilage or bone, and in higher forms is entirely internal, leaving the surface of the body sensitive and free.

The plants are less varied. They divide first into the minute bacteria; the true fungi—moulds and toadstools—that require organic compounds; and the green plants that need only simple inorganic compounds and light. Among the green plants, the algae are confined to water, and lack differentiated leaves, roots, and flowers. The primitive land forms, from mosses up to ferns, have no seeds, and reproduce by spores: and the higher land forms, increasingly adapted to land life—including all the familiar trees and flowers—are all seed-plants. This is, I fear, a tiresome list; but it will at least serve to remind you of the range of design to be found among the machines for living that we call organisms.

Ontogeny in Higher Animals

Organisms differ from man's machines in being able to construct themselves. In constructing itself, every organism goes through a process of individual development—what is technically called its ontogeny. In primitive forms, this may involve merely minor changes, as when a newly-formed amoeba grows to double size before dividing into two. But in all higher animals and plants, ontogeny is a very elaborate process, and the developing organism passes through a whole series of transformations, surprisingly different in appearance and in mode of working. Every butterfly was once a caterpillar; every oak once an acorn; every barnacle once a tiny free-swimming crustacean. You, like me and every other human being, were once a microscopic spherical ovum, then in turn a double sheet of undifferentiated cells, an embryo with enormous outgrowths enabling you to obtain food and oxygen parasitically from your mother, a creature with an unjointed rod—what biologists call the notochord—in place of jointed backbone; you once had gill-clefts like a fish, you once had a tail, and once were covered with dense hair like a monkey; you were once a helpless infant which had to learn to distinguish objects and to talk; you underwent the transformation of your body and mind that we call puberty; you learnt a job. You are in fact a self-transforming process.

Ontogeny is thus a pattern of processes in time, through which the inherent potentialities of the individual can be realised. Unfavourable conditions may prevent their full realisation, or indeed, by killing the unfinished individual, prevent any realisation at all; but in favourable conditions development proceeds freely to the bounds set by its inherent possibilities. Not only that, but in every generation ontogeny is the necessary mechanism for realising the potentialities of heredity; any new transformation must operate through the framework of developmental processes which are available. Organisms tend to resemble each other more in the earlier than in the later stages of ontogeny. The vast majority of individual plants and animals, however different when adult, resemble each other at the start of their ontogeny by consisting of a single undifferentiated cell; all embryonic vertebrates—birds and mammals, fish and reptiles—look remarkably alike when in the notochord phase of their development; and you would be hard put to it to tell rabbits from men, giraffes, or whales even in much later embryonic stages.

Organisms can not only construct themselves, they can also reproduce themselves. One of the most important advances of nineteenth-century biology was the discovery of the physical basis of reproduction. The answer was simple—reproduction depends on continuity of substance. New individuals develop from portions of the living substance of other individuals. The other individual may simply split into two; or it may detach a portion of its substance to serve as the basis for the new individual's development. Even in very large organisms, the detached portions may be only single microscopic cells, as in the

spores of plants. In sexual reproduction, two such detached cells, the sperm and the ovum, fuse to form one. But in every case there is a continuity of living substance, a reproductive stream of life flowing down the generations.

In the twentieth century, an even more important advance was made—the detailed mechanism of this reproductive continuity was discovered, in the shape of the chromosomes and their contained genes. This is not the place to expound the principles of genetics. Suffice it to say that a *gene* is the name we use to denote a self-reproducing unit of living substance, and that in all groups of animals and plants, with a very few possible exceptions among the lowest forms; but including bacteria, the genetic outfit consists of a definite and large number of different genes, arranged in a definite linear order within a smaller number of the visible cell-organs called chromosomes. Each particular kind of gene can exist in a number of slightly different forms or *allels*, each *allel* exerting a slightly different effect in development. The genetic outfit is typically double, one whole set or pack of genes and chromosomes from the father and one from the mother. Under the microscope, you can see the strange and beautiful figures which the chromosomes execute to ensure the proper distribution of the genes. During the growth of cells capable of further division, the genes reproduce or copy themselves, so that they and the chromosomes come to exist in closely-opposed pairs: and at each ordinary cell-division the two halves of each pair are pulled apart from each other. This ensures that each cell receives an entire double genetic outfit.

Before sexual reproduction, a more complicated set of manoeuvres takes place, by means of which the maternal and paternal outfits are shuffled and re-dealt in new ways. Each reproductive cell—sperm or egg—contains one entire outfit, but each has a different assortment of maternal and paternal genes; through their union at fertilisation, each offspring reacquires a double pack, but each such duplex set contains a different combination of *allels*: that is why no two individuals (except identical twins) are genetically alike. This is the genetic process of *recombination*, which is one of the major sources of life's variability. Only with a definite linear arrangement of genes can you secure continuity of reproduction and constancy of composition; only with sexual recombination can you secure adequate variability.

There is one more basic fact common to all life. Genes are very complicated things—a single gene contains many thousands of atoms, organised in a definite pattern and arrangement. And so the process of self-reproduction is not always quite accurate: the copy occasionally differs from the original in some slight respect. This incomplete self-copying is called *mutation*. As is to be expected on general theoretical grounds, mutation takes place in all organisms that have been studied, and apparently in all their genes, within a certain range of rather low frequency. Wherever one kind of gene exists in the form of two different *allels*, one of them is the result of a recent previous mutation. Whereas the sexual process provides new variation in the shape of combinations of old mutants, mutation provides wholly new substantive variations.

Geological Revolutions and Life

To complete my rapid outline picture, I must make it four-dimensional by extending it in time. We now have a quantitative scale of geological time, which is accurate to within about ten per cent. Life came into being some two thousand million years ago. At longish intervals, the earth went through periods of mountain-building, the last of which threw up all the existing great ranges—all destined to be worn down to nothing in the next. The geographical and climatic changes resulting from these geological revolutions affected the evolution of life in a number of ways.

For the biologist who wants to study evolution, fossils are the basic documents. For perhaps three-quarters of geological time, the rocks are almost bare of them: any that there were have mostly been baked or squashed out of recognition, while most animals could not get fossilised at all, as they were still soft-bodied. Fossils first became abundant rather over five hundred million years ago. The time since then is divided into three main epochs of decreasing length—the Paleozoic, or Age of Ancient Life, which lasted just over three hundred million years;

the Mesozoic, or Age of Intermediate Life, of about a hundred and thirty-five million years; and the Cenozoic, or Age of Modern Life, of about sixty-five million. The final period, since the beginning of the last Ice Age, has lasted rather under one million years.

As we go back in time, the forms that were especially abundant in each epoch fail to appear in the fossil record, and quite different creatures are found as dominant types. To take the vertebrates, before about a million years ago we find no men; much earlier, no reptiles, then, earlier again, no land forms at all, but fish as dominant vertebrates; and finally, no vertebrates with jaws or true paired limbs, but only jawless limless animals related to the lampreys. Among the arthropods, as we travel back, the crabs fade out a little before the mammals, the insects about the same time as the reptiles, while in the early paleozoic two groups quite unknown today were in the ascendant, the great sea-scorpions and the little creeping trilobites.

Life's Steady Advance

Today, thanks to the laborious work of the paleontologists, we can give a quite detailed account of this process. Wherever abundant fossils provide adequate documentation, we can see that each new dominant type, as it appears, radiates out into a progressively greater variety of lines or subtypes, each adapted to a different way of life, as mammals into rodents, hoofed animals, whales, carnivores, bats, monkeys, and so on. Not only that, but with few exceptions each line, and each sub-line within it, shows a more or less steady rate of change over millions or tens of millions of years, in the direction of closer adaptation to its special way of life; but it finally becomes stabilised and shows no further major change, merely throwing off new species as minor variations on the existing theme. The few exceptions give rise to new dominant types, which blossom out in their turn, as did the one line of small nocturnal running reptiles which turned into the mammals. Some stabilised types persist apparently indefinitely, like the lungfishes, for three hundred million years—or the ants, for perhaps fifty million. Others become wholly extinct, like the trilobites and the sea-scorpions and most of the mesozoic reptiles.

When we take an instantaneous snapshot, we freeze the process into a set of unreal static pictures. What we need is the equivalent of a film. We all know how a film record can be speeded up to reveal processes that are hidden from ordinary view—the dancing movements of a growing twig, the adventurous transformations of a developing egg. The same applies to our moving picture of evolution. If this is run at what seems natural speed, we see only individual lives and deaths. But when with the aid of our scientific knowledge and our imagination, we alter the time-scale of our vision, new processes become apparent. With a hundred-fold speeding up, individual lives become merged in the formation and transformation of species, with our film speeded up perhaps ten thousand times single species disappear, and we see group-radiations—an original type, seized by a ferment of activity, splitting up and transforming itself in many strange ways, but all the transformations eventually slowing down and stabilising in specialised immobility; only in the longest perspective, with a hundred-thousand-fold speed up, do the over-all processes of evolution become visible—the replacement of old types by new, the emergence and gradual liberation of mind, the narrow and winding stairway of progress, and the steady advance of life up its steps of novelty.

Let me give just three examples of biological novelties and their effects. The first is a quantitative novelty—the evolution, undoubtedly after hundreds of millions of years of single-celled and therefore microscopic life, the evolution of many-celled and therefore larger organisms. This opened the door to an increase in complexity of organisation and to all kinds of qualitative novelties such as glands, eyes, blood-systems, and brains. The second is the evolution of temperature-regulation or 'warm-bloodedness'. This took place only within the last tenth of evolutionary time, and only in birds and mammals. It could not have done so earlier, but once it had done so, it formed the necessary basis for the further improvement of mental properties which made possible the evolution of man. The third is the appearance of colour in the world, which depended on the evolution of eyes capable of seeing coloured patterns. Only the vertebrates, the cuttlefish and their relatives, and the higher arthropods (like insects and spiders) have eyes capable of seeing a pattern, and so detecting the shape, size, and movement of objects; and some of these have eyes capable of seeing that pattern in colour. We do not know just when coloured pattern-vision was first evolved; certainly not until quite late on in evolutionary

time. But once evolved, it had remarkable effects. It led to the evolution of patterns and colours with biological significance in an enormous range of organisms, plants as well as animals, from insect-pollinated flowers to courting birds. It generated protective coloration and aggressive bluff, and was the first if not the only begueter of beauty.

I am tempted to add a fourth example—the evolution of those particular organisations of knowledge which we call concepts. This went hand-in-hand with the evolution of language—the invention of words as symbols for things, in place of sounds as signs for feelings, and was made possible by the expansion of the association areas in the cerebral cortex of the first ancestral men. 'In the beginning was the Word' is true of the development of human culture, for the evolution of verbal concepts opened the door to all further organisations and achievements of man's thought.

Newton clarified the whole of physical science and made the universe more comprehensible by introducing a few simple principles and postulates, such as the laws of motion, the postulate that matter consisted of uniform particles, the law of inverse squares governing their attraction; and then calculating and checking their implications. Thanks to Darwin and the Darwinians and then to Mendel and the Mendelians, the time is approaching when we can hope to do the same sort of thing for biology. Here the simple principles (of course based on an enormous volume of ascertained fact) are that the basis of life's continuity consists of incompletely self-copying genes, and that the natural selection which results from this primary fact is the essential agency in causing evolution to happen as it does. A further necessary postulate is that there are mental as well as material properties of the universe; that mental properties can be of biological advantage to their possessors; and that they become more important and more intense in the special and highly organised systems we call brains. Just as the movements of planets and the path of projectiles could be understood on the basis of the Newtonian postulates and principles, so we are beginning to understand the trends of evolution, from adaptation to broad improvement, from the origin of species to the succession of major groups, on the basis of Darwinian-Mendelian postulates and principles.

Today we can see life as a unitary process, made up of a number of smaller processes. The individual organism is a process within the species, the species a process within the radiation of a type, the radiation of a type a process within the succession of dominant groups, and this in turn a process within the overall process of realising new possibilities of variety and organisations. And this point of view suggests questions of a new sort—questions about the nature and form of evolutionary processes, their definition and measurement, their limitations and restriction; questions about potentialities and their realisation, about higher and lower, about improvement and progress. Above all, we have to ask how we can come to terms scientifically with a reality which combines both material and mental properties in its unitary pattern. Biology is much more complex than mechanics or physics. So it will be a long time before we can devise satisfactory methods for answering such questions, and can work out in detail the implications of such postulates and principles, especially their quantitative ones. But that does not prevent it being necessary to ask the new questions: that is the way in which scientific comprehension advances.

A New Answer to an Old Riddle

The next step will be to discover just how historical or evolutionary processes operate, and to organise our knowledge about them in satisfactory formulations. This will involve a new approach, different from that of much of present-day science. We may call it the pattern-process approach, for it has to deal with the development, in time, of elaborate structural and functional patterns of organisation. It will eventually lead to a science of developmental pattern. Like any other step in scientific or any other kind of thinking, it too will certainly be limited, and will not give us either complete or absolute knowledge. But it should get us out of the impasse into which a predominantly static and analytic approach has been leading us; it should free us from the bogey of causal determinism; and it should be able to serve as the basis for as yet undreamt-of further steps in thought.

One thing it is doing; it is already leading us to a new and momentous answer to the old riddle of human destiny. The destiny of man on earth has at last been made clear by evolutionary biology. It is to be the agent of the world process of evolution, the sole agent capable of leading it to new heights, and enabling it to realise new possibilities. But this is to anticipate the rest of these lectures.—*Third Programme*

Round the London Art Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE Leicester Galleries are showing the work of three artists whose merits are easily perceived and enjoyed—Walter Bayes, Edward Ardizzone, and Lord Methuen; here also are works by the late Jankel Adler. Of the obviously pleasing artists Bayes is the most distinguished; this collection of his paintings covers a considerable period and furnishes several fine examples of the manner in which, by a nice arrangement of harmonious colours, he conveys the luminous atmosphere of Mediterranean landscape. When Bayes' delicate sense of tonal value is aided by a satisfying composition, as is the case in such works as 'Colleone' (No. 39), 'Grenoble Gate House' (No. 13), or 'Palace of the Popes' (No. 30)—a decidedly oriental view of Avignon—the result is wholly admirable. His more ambitious works, those in which he has painted on a larger scale, seeking something of greater solidity, complexity, and vigour, may be thought less perfect; but it must still be allowed that, if he does fail, these are honourable failures and that all this artist's work is both talented and sincere.

The drawings and paintings of Lord Methuen are extremely unequal in character and achievement. He has courageously exhibited his sketches alongside his finished productions, and the visitor may observe to what extent the oil painting of 'Beaumont en Auge, Calvados' (No. 8) gains in subtlety, strength and coherence when compared with the original water colour (No. 33). Unfortunately it has to be admitted that, in this particular case, the development is barely perceptible. Lord Methuen seeks to preserve the easy freshness of his first essay; but in so doing he ends very much where he began. The effect, in a large painting like 'Prior Park, Bath' (No. 16) is to leave us with a pastiche of Sickert which, on closer examination, fails to show any real understanding of the subject. The surface qualities of that master remain; the strong design with which he gave a sense of space and depth to his work is lacking. This, however, is much less true of some of Lord Methuen's other works, and in his picture of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (No. 4) there is a real and original feeling, a research into and an understanding of forms.

Edward Ardizzone has a reputation as a humorist and may suffer therefrom, in that critics easily forget that this character is not incompatible with considerable aesthetic virtues. He has in fact a vein of humour which is allied to an acute observation of movement and a sensitive perception of chiaroscuro. His observation of bars and bedrooms and the life of the streets can hardly fail to please those who enjoy good drawing and mildly improper fun. He owes a good deal, both in form and in content, to Guys and even more to Daumier. The influence of Daumier is indeed at times too apparent, and it may be held responsible for a certain tendency away from his natural bent, which is wittily comical, towards a rhetorical violence quite alien to his genius. The temptation, for one who is so adroit in the dramatic use of light and shade, to rely on easy theatrical effects must be considerable; one hopes that it may be avoided.

Jankel Adler was, it would appear, an artist who sought to give expression to strong and genuine emotions. Those who admire the work

of Bayes and Ardizzone may feel, despite Adler's sensitive drawing and enjoyable colour, that he could hardly tell us more than that he had such emotions, emotions which are never precisely stated. Others, who find his methods congenial, may still be perturbed by the frequent use of idioms which are drawn, not from the painter's own experience, but from the private language of Picasso. It is certainly one of the curses of modern art that quotation from that master is a habit, even of sincere artists such as Adler, who seek, as best they may, to express highly personal feelings.



'The Bar at the Contemporary Arts Society Soirée', by Edward Ardizzone

At Roland Browse and Delbanco, Josef Herman also seeks to convey deep and passionate sentiments. He does so with considerable success and manages to give a notion of life and labour in those Welsh mining villages which provide the majority of his subjects. His workers convey a sense of monumental grandeur and dignity. His models have something of the nobility of very large elephants. He produces his effect by the use of sombre colour, by a very broad treatment and, above all, by suggesting a condition of desperate fatigue. His miners are powerful but unskilled; they are as heavy as the rocks in which they toil; weary titans they stand motionless against megalithic landscapes in which the

very dogs are statuesque and even the lamp posts suffer from elephantiasis. The effect is completed by his *métier*, which suggests that he is working, not in paint, but like the sculptors of Easter Island, in some dour, unyielding granite. Although this striving for monolithic dignity succeeds and may sometimes be decidedly impressive, as in the sketch for a mural in the South Bank Exhibition (No. 54), it has its dangers. In portraiture it leads to something perilously like caricature (see 'Miners' brass band' (No. 40) and 'Head of miner' (No. 46)), and when Herman applies the same rude gravity of manner to a gondola or a Venetian canal one may wonder whether his manner is not becoming an end in itself instead of being an instrument of expression.

Hanging in the same galleries the work of Sir William Nicholson makes a nice foil to that of Herman. Where the one is violent and laborious the other is polite and accomplished. Herman is always most vehemently expressive; his emotion is discernible even when he remains inarticulate. Nicholson delivers himself with practised grace even when, as sometimes happens, he has nothing to say. In his pictures the colour is always charming and sometimes much more than charming, he is a fluent and skilful draughtsman, he achieves wonderful qualities of paint. It is surprising, in the work of so adroit a painter, to find certain audacities which, in a less deliberate artist, would appear to be blunders. In 'Still life with anemones, green plate, knife and fork' (No. 13) he attempts an almost impossible problem of composition and, it must be said, fails; in 'Le Retour de la Goconde' (No. 25), a brilliantly illuminated horizontal almost divides the picture space and nearly spoils the wonderfully managed group of figures which projects into the foreground. There are, however, some complete and unqualified successes of which one, 'Rocks and Sea' (No. 6), may be more easily commended than described.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

César Franck. By Léon Vallas.
Harrap. 15s.

FRANCK'S LUCK HAS TURNED. Someone has at last managed to see him as he probably was and to put the picture into a good book, and Mr. Foss has made a first-rate translation of it. (Not without a few little slips, but they count as nothing compared with the feat of rendering French into such easy, natural English.) M. Vallas' musical criticism never goes very deep, but so far as it does go it is very good—especially in the final chapter, 'The Composer'—and his copious quotations from contemporary criticism of Franck are of the highest interest. For this is essentially a biography rather than a 'life and works', and it is a well, though not excessively, documented biography.

The extreme badness of Franck's bad luck has never before been made so apparent. His life consisted of two periods of embittered success, separated by a period of obscurity during which he was only 'the elder Franck' while his young brother, the mediocre Joseph, carried off organ prizes that César himself had never won and became for a time better known as both composer and teacher. Yet perhaps that quarter of a century as a humble piano-teacher and organist at Sainte-Clothilde, against the background of an, at first, idyllic marriage, was not the unhappiest part of Franck's life. It was ignoble but it was his own; he was not being pushed about by stronger characters. Both periods of worldly success were spoiled for him by enmities and ridicule provoked not by himself but by his hustling, over-eager champions.

In his early days as a child-prodigy and piano-virtuoso, up to the age of twenty-five, it was his father who caused all the trouble. Having saddled his elder son with 'Christian' names—César-Auguste—which never failed to arouse the mirth of hostile critics, Nicolas-Joseph Franck on the one hand bullied his son and kept him, even as a young man, in the most preposterous leading-strings, on the other made him the centre of a fatuous publicity-campaign which aroused an antagonism that even César's great and recognised gifts were by no means able always to quell.

In the last period of his life, after the Franco-German War, the period in which practically all his well-known compositions were written, it was his over-enthusiastic disciples—above all, Vincent d'Indy—who 'did him considerable and continuous harm by their sincere but exaggerated eulogies, by the excessive harshness they poured over those who were not among the devotees of the Société Nationale, and by their merciless condemnation of all who would not share their whole-hearted faith'. Just as in youth his father had made him write flashy salon-pieces for the piano, now his own favourite pupils 'goaded him on to compose large-scale works . . . for the concert-hall'. It was not for nothing that Charles Bordes said, 'Father Franck is the offspring of his pupils!' And just as in early days there had been a constant domestic battle between autocratic father and gentle mother, there was now a constant quasi-domestic conflict between these masterful disciples and Franck's wife and elder son, who wished him to write operas and whom he tried to placate with 'Hulda' and 'Ghiselle'.

It is a tragi-comic story and M. Vallas tells it with detachment, showing that Franck was not entirely a saintly weakling and never allowing him (as he might easily have done) to appear rather ridiculous. He shows us a real man in

place of the plaster saint that d'Indy in his well-known book created in the image of his own ideal self. Apart from d'Indy's general falsification of the picture, M. Vallas has also exposed some specific cases of that pious worshipper's deliberate frauds: his statement that it was the F sharp Trio which Franck chose for his début at the Société Nationale in 1871, his assertion that his idol composed the D minor Symphony in ignorance of Saint-Saëns' 'Symphonie avec orgue', his misrepresentation of Franck as an always devoted and orthodox Catholic.

Daughter of England. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Macmillan. 21s.

The abundance of new material for a *Life* of Princess Charlotte of Wales which has come to light during the last few years—in the *Letters of King George IV* (1938) and in her correspondence with her close friend Mercer Elphinstone, published in 1949—necessitates the consignment to the waste-paper basket of all the pre-war biographies. It was inevitable that this new information, some of it of a sensational character, should speedily be incorporated in a popular *Life*. Miss Stuart, who wrote an excellent book about the daughters of George III some time ago, is well qualified for the performance of the task now accomplished. She writes pleasantly and sensibly, and, having digested most of the printed sources, she is also well informed. Had she been venturesome enough she might have discovered other interesting material for her book in the Hanover State Archives—a source strangely neglected by English historians.

The dust-cover claim that she has written not only a biography of the Princess but a chapter in the social history of Regency England is, however, hardly justified. The treatment is almost exclusively personal, the social and political background rather sketchy and sometimes uncertain, so the facts are not always accurate. Romilly, for example, was appointed Solicitor-General in 1806, not in 'Trafalgar Year'. Lord Hawkesbury was not Leader of the Opposition in the summer of 1804, he was Home Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords. There was no clause in the Act of Settlement (1701) forbidding the heir-apparent to quit the country: the Act applied, not to the heir-apparent but to the successors to the crown after Queen Anne's death.

Miss Stuart describes at length the 'Delicate Investigation' into the conduct of the Princess of Wales in 1806, but her facts about *The Book*—the long printed defence of her conduct written by Perceval—are all wrong. The volume was written in 1807, not 1810; it was never in general circulation, and it was suppressed much earlier than the beginning of the Regency in 1811. 'Almost certainly', says Miss Stuart, General Garth was the father of Princess Sophia's child; almost certainly (the documentary evidence is probably no longer in existence) there is no truth in this story. The *Letters of Princess Charlotte* destroyed some legends, but Miss Stuart repeats one which finds its way, almost inevitably, into nearly every *Life* of George IV and of his daughter. On that celebrated occasion when Charlotte fled from Warwick House to her mother's at Connaught House, Brougham, it is said, in an effort to persuade her to return to her father, led her to a window as day was breaking, and warned her that, as the by-election in Westminster was to take place a few hours later, the mob, if appealed to, might get out of hand, and the resulting bloodshed would be

attributed to her having run away. Unfortunately for the legend, there was no Westminster election that day.

Antarctic Isle. By Niall Rankin.
Collins. 25s.

Wild Life Beyond the North
By Frank Illingworth.
Country Life. 18s.

The Shetland Bus. By David Howarth.
Nelson. 12s. 6d.

Most of us are vicarious travellers in the Arctic or the Antarctic, imagining with an enthusiastic empathy the week-long blizzards and the treacherous crevasses; the adventures of a Scott or a Shackleton, almost because of their bleakness and physical discomfort, have a more inspiring effect on the imagination than the travels of Speke or Livingstone. Today this heroic suffering of the pioneers seems to have lost its attraction, and the literature of the North and South is rarely as cathartic as one would hope. Mr. Niall Rankin is typical of the modern polar explorer. After the war he visited the antarctic island of South Georgia and explored it intimately in a small boat with three companions. South Georgia is by no means uncivilised; it has a whaling station and a small town with a British Consul, but there are miles of desolate coast swarming with wild life—and it was this wild life which attracted Mr. Rankin's attention. Most of the book is concerned with his studies of the albatross, the elephant seals, the penguins, etc. He appears to have kept a log-book of each day's work, and if the book does not have the interest for the general reader that it might, it is probably because of a tiresome prolixity and lack of selection. Mr. Rankin's work is obviously of great importance but its presentation here falls between the two stools of the naturalist and the general reader.

This is something which Mr. Frank Illingworth, in *Wild Life Beyond the North*, has brilliantly avoided, for he has produced a book of such fascination that the most urban reader will be unable to put it down. He has travelled extensively in arctic Europe, northern Canada and Greenland, but he has been modest enough not to write only of his own experiences or of what he himself has studied, with the result that the book gains by a wealth of interesting anecdote and historical detail. Mr. Illingworth has an amiable cynicism which salts his narrative, and a psychological interest in the animals he writes about which puts one in mind of Ernest Thompson Seton. His chapter on the wolverine, the 'devil of the forest', shows a fine insight into the character of the animal, and in general it seems that the animals of the North lend themselves well to this kind of human approach. The final chapter contributes something to the solution of the fascinating problem of the lemming. Mr. Illingworth destroys much of one's romantic ideas about the mass suicide of this little rodent which takes place every few years. The present reviewer thought of it as some primitive death wish, instinctive and irrational. It now appears almost certain that the mass hysteria and the unnatural procreation which accompanies it is the result of a hormone stimulant contained in a certain fungus which the lemming eats. Both these books are well and heavily illustrated.

The Shetland Bus does not precisely fit into the category of the literature of the North, but

it is a heroic book about the northern seas. The Shetland Bus was the name given to the little fishing boats which, during the war, regularly crossed the desolate seas from Shetland to the coast of Norway, carrying weapons, collecting information and picking up political refugees. Mr. David Howarth was the naval lieutenant who was in charge of organising this service from the first. The boats were crewed by Norwegian fishermen entirely, and no British sailor was allowed to accompany them. This detracts a little from Mr. Howarth's exciting story, and one sympathises with him for having to remain ashore all the time and hear the adventures of his little ships only from the crews on their return. He does, however, manage to capture the atmosphere of these dangerous trips, although nothing can make up for his lack of first-hand experience. The last war has proved an articulate war and *The Shetland Bus* stands well among the various accounts of it.

Chinese Export Art in the Eighteenth Century. Margaret Jourdain and R. Soame Jenyns
Country Life. £3 3s.

During the eighteenth century, while the Emperors of China were indulging a taste for portraits painted in oils in the European manner, and building replicas of Versailles in the Palace gardens at Peking, the energetic agents of the East India Company at Canton were busily engaged in meeting the demand from the great houses of England for *chinoiserie*. Until the vogue was checked by the Neo-Classical fashion at the close of the century, the demand for Chinese objects was immense. China was in the throes of an export drive. The centre of the Chinese ceramic industry 'gave the appearance of a burning town' and a traveller of the time mentions 'its huge population, estimated at a million souls, all directly or indirectly interested in the products of its three thousand kilns'. Artisans crowded to the ports, imitating the patterns sent out from England 'with the most exact and servile fidelity' (imparting to them nevertheless an inescapable Chinese air), in order to meet the requirements of the Canton 'factories', while the Hongmen and the Company grew rich upon the proceeds.

Not everything that came to England, however, was designed for export, and not all that was regrettable. There was a sensitive virtuosity and exquisiteness about the work of Chinese craftsmen that hardly merits the disdain with which men of taste in China are said to have regarded some of the export pieces. If it was to be left to a later generation of connoisseurs to discover the greater glories of the earlier periods of Chinese art, the eighteenth century did collect, together with its *chinoiserie*, elegant pieces of Ming and Ch'ing ware in unexceptional taste.

This book is, however, concerned with 'Export Art' and with the curious light that the taste for it throws upon English manners of the time. The wall-papers and lacquer cabinets are still familiar in the 'Chinese rooms' of the period. Less familiar, perhaps, is the fact that porcelain was then considered a sort of a semi-precious stone and sold by jewellers. What began as the 'humour of china collecting' became, according to Daniel Defoe, 'a grievance in the expense of



King Penguins about to have a toboggan run down a slope

From 'Antarctic Isle'

it . . . injurious to families and estates'. East Indiamen are said to have been searched by ardent collectors on their arrival in port, and the India-houses were 'ransacked' for porcelain and oriental goods. Fashion too reflected the prevailing vogue. Embroideries worked with fine and evenly whipped cords came to be worn, which according to a contemporary 'we owe to the Chinese by whom many embroideries most precise in regularity have been made for our dandies'. It was not only dandies and the occupants of fine houses that felt the impact of the China trade. The Joiner's Company petitioned against Chinese competition, maintaining that 'their trade was in great danger of being utterly ruined'.

This book is the first comprehensive survey of the export art of China in the eighteenth century. It is copiously illustrated, and the letterpress, the happy result of the co-operation of an historian of English taste and an expert in Chinese art, makes excellent reading.

Collected Poems. By Keith Douglas.
Editions Poetry London. 12s. 6d.

Keith Douglas lacked the humanity, the grasp of Owen, the occasion for indignation of Sassoon: nevertheless, he is one of the few poets of the second world war who in any way measures up to the best of the First. He never really succeeded in overcoming the prevailing moods of 1939-45, but he was ironical rather than pitiful about himself, and although he was born as late as 1920 his verse had roots in the rational tradition of the thirties—he contributed to *New Verse* when he was sixteen. Poems of an even earlier date show an astonishing brain power and maturity of language: in fact, it was not until he went to North Africa in 1941 that he really began to fulfil his juvenile promise by writing in any number poems better than those dating from his schooldays. These African poems clearly lacked leisure: for their full effect they should be read in conjunction with the fine account Douglas wrote of his battle experience in the desert, called *Alamein to Zem Zem*. The best are characterised by phrases always well-turned and often memorable, an individual and oral but sure rhythm, and are backed by fresh observation and ideas that get worked out.

The unfinished air about some of Douglas' later work, the laconicism that trails off into weakness, is not entirely due to the difficulties under which it was written. Owen and the poets of the first world war came at the beginning, Douglas at the end—or temporary decay—of a

tradition in English poetry which enabled poets to speak of communal experience, public events. Douglas' friends at Oxford, his correspondents during his Army service, were writers who had ceased to feel the responsibilities which burdened the 'thirties, had removed the warnings and exhortations from their verse, and had deliberately cultivated a romanticism of subject and language. Douglas never succumbed to such influences but they left their mark on his work—to its detriment, since they ran counter to his talent. It seems that 'mark' can also be used literally: the editors of the *Collected Poems* reveal that some of Douglas' poems were altered in an 'alien' hand and that the previously printed versions of several poems were without the authority of the MS—deviations apparently for the worse: for example, in 'Mersa' the line 'Now from the skeletal town' appeared as 'Now from the ruined hive of a town'.

We are indebted to the present editors for restoring Douglas' sharpness of outline to a number of poems, but this cannot be said to be a wholly satisfactory edition. It is well produced and printed but an amateur and coterie atmosphere surrounds it: the preface tends to illiteracy, the biographical note is not really adequate and the notes, useful as far as they go, could have done with more elaboration. These are minor drawbacks, however, to the pleasure of being able at last to measure the achievement of Douglas' poetry: there are certainly grounds to be found for putting it above that of both Lewis and Keyes, for it is stronger than the former's and clearer, more relevant than the latter's.

Documents on International Affairs, 1939-1946: Volume I, March-September, 1939. Edited under the direction of Arnold J. Toynbee, Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford. 50s.

Those who are inclined to scoff at the claims of contemporary history to be regarded as a serious study may well be recommended to turn the pages of this first post-war volume of the Chatham House *Documents* series, in order to judge for themselves the richness of the documentary material available for the diplomatic history of the six months which preceded the outbreak of the second world war. If it is objected that the material is still incomplete, the same objection may be made against the sources for the study of most other historical problems and periods. If the historian is to wait, before his field of study is accepted as academically respectable, until he has access to documentary material more complete than that illustrated in the present volume, then the greater part of ancient, medieval, and even modern, history will be ruled out of court. Whatever other objections may be raised against the study of contemporary history, lack of sources is one of the least convincing.

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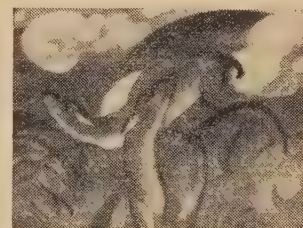
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with the Western Powers and with Germany, the crisis of August 1939 leading to the outbreak of war—these are the main topics covered. None of the material is new, but the conflation of the different sources brings out new facets even in familiar documents. Moreover, the laborious work of re-assembling the evidence from a score of different publications is immeasurably lightened when the student can begin with a basic version within the compass of a single volume.

No selection of documents will ever satisfy everyone, and the criticism that this or that particular document has been left out need not be taken too seriously. The choice has obviously been made with care and competence. Two decisions, however, are likely to raise a good deal of criticism. The first is the attempt to supplement the earlier series of documents published before or during the War with a preliminary section of material brought to light since and lying outside the chronological limits of the present volume. Fourteen documents can scarcely be regarded as an adequate representation of this new material for the years 1936-1939, which surely merited a separate supplementary volume to serve as a bridge between the old and the new series of publications, instead of being crammed into forty pages of a volume the other sections of which are conceived on a quite different scale.

The space thereby saved might have been used to avoid the second criticism, by adding a selection from the one major source for 1939 which has been deliberately excluded, the Woodward and Butler Documents on *British Foreign Policy*.

Professor Toynbee defends this exclusion on the grounds that the Woodward and Butler volumes will in any case be indispensable to the student. But if a selection of the British Documents is not adequate for the student's purpose, why should he be content with a mere selection from the *Documents on German Foreign Policy* or from the Ciano Papers and the Nuremberg Trial evidence? The Woodward and Butler series can hardly be regarded as more important than these other sources, from which the editors have not hesitated to print extracts. If the principle of a selection is valid in the one case, it is equally applicable in the other.

Nor are the editors consistent, for they include British documents when these appeared in the Blue Book published at the end of 1939. The reader is therefore never sure whether the picture presented is one which omits or includes the part played by British diplomacy, and this inevitably detracts from the authority of a volume which otherwise provides an admirable guide to the complexities of international relations on the eve of the War.

Salt and his Circle. By Stephen Winsten, with Introduction by Bernard Shaw. Hutchinson. 16s.

The group of which Henry Salt was the centre had a character that was peculiar to the late-Victorian epoch. As schoolboy and master he was an Etonian, loving the school while despising its ways. In the early 1880s, turned thirty, he threw it all up and with his wife, the sister of his only intimate colleague, took to the simplest kind of life in a Surrey cottage. Socialism, of the William Morris order, was less vital to him than the humanitarian principle, which was his whole religion. The rights of the dumb creation were his supreme concern. He loathed vivisection, blood sports, and killing for food, and was no less persistent in the fight against flogging and prisons. The Humanitarian League, which he founded and ran, was his chief burden during thirty years. Edward Carpenter, who was of the circle and the faith, fell from grace to some extent with both Salt and his wife. Bernard

Shaw was entirely with him in the crusade but not in adoration of Thoreau whose life he wrote. They were friends all through and Shaw wrote many letters in the highest spirits. Mr. Winsten, naturally enough, makes the most of these. The introduction was evidently the last thing written by G.B.S. for publication. It is ludicrously full of errors and is reckless in assertion as regards George Meredith and others.

Tudor Renaissance

By James Lees-Milne. Batsford. 21s.

The advent of the Renaissance in English art can be regarded from two widely differing standpoints, and for both of them the supporting evidence is impressive. On the one hand, there are those, deriving from Ruskin, represented a generation or two ago by W. R. Lethaby and March Philipps, and today by Mr. John Harvey, who consider the Renaissance as 'a style of boredom' (the phrase is Lethaby's), which substituted learning for life. For these writers, and for those who feel as they do, Gothic is the English style, a creation owing something to France but far more to the native genius of our own people, as the strong individuality of so much English Gothic art makes abundantly manifest. In architecture, moreover, the accession of the Tudors by no means marks the end of our Gothic achievements. The Bell Harry tower at Canterbury, one of the most beautiful in Europe, and the Duke of Buckingham's never-completed mansion at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, are but two examples of Tudor Gothic of the finest quality. And then what happened? 'In England', says Mr. Harvey, 'the centuries-old knowledge of the master masons was driven into exile by the superficial studies of dilettanti provided with foreign pattern-books'. (Mr. Lees-Milne is very informative on the subject of these pattern-books).

The opposing view, held almost universally in this country between, say, 1660 and 1820 and reinstated in our own day by Geoffrey Scott, considers Gothic, in the words of John Evelyn, as 'a fantastical and licentious manner of building . . . without just proportion, use or beauty'. Even Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, contrasts the 'true taste' of classical architecture with the 'venerable barbarism' of Gothic. The introduction of the Renaissance into England inevitably meant looking to the Continent for inspiration, and to some extent, also, for artists and craftsmen: but in the view of the anti-Goths there was no harm at all in that.

Even if he were not the author of *The Age of Adam*, the reader of his new book could hardly doubt where Mr. Lees-Milne's own sympathies lie. He rightly interprets the beginnings of Renaissance art in England as the inevitable sequel to the appearance of the New Learning under the aegis of Erasmus, John Colet, Thomas More, and, in the early part of his reign, of Henry VIII himself. But for political and religious reasons originally quite unconnected with art, the Tudor Renaissance badly misfired. The artistic harvest was only a few modest blooms and a considerable number of weeds, some pretty rank. The Italian influence under Henry VIII was virtually confined to a few works of sculpture and to the decorative details of certain buildings, whether executed in stone, wood, terra-cotta, plaster, or stained glass. The Reformation rendered the Italian artists no longer welcome, and after 1540 the only significant foreign influences on our art in the sixteenth century were Flemish and German (i.e. anti-papal), with those distressing results with which we are all too familiar.

The best art of the Elizabethan age is undoubtedly that which was least touched by what passed in the Netherlands for classicism: some of the small manor-houses of the Cotswolds, for

instance, in which the Gothic tradition was preserved almost unalloyed. The big Elizabethan houses satisfy neither the protagonists of 'the native English style' (Gothic) nor those of 'true taste' (classicism). Thus it is easy to understand why, among people who care about architecture, they are probably less esteemed today than any other group of buildings erected in this country before about 1840.

The sixteenth century is stylistically a confused period, fraught with obscurities and difficulties for the historian of English art, and to write a book about it required both erudition and courage. Mr. Lees-Milne has both. An exacting critic might point to a few omissions, of which the most notable is Prior Salter's screen in Carlisle cathedral (c. 1542), where the foreign influence would appear to be neither Italian nor Flemish but French, probably transmitted through Scotland. But this is a most helpful book, comprehensive in scope (it treats of sculpture, painting, miniatures and the decorative arts as well as architecture and gardens), admirable in its marshalling of the relevant material, and nicely spiced with quotations from contemporary sources.

The Pacific Islands. By Douglas L. Oliver. Oxford. 32s. 6d.

At last an author of more than usual courage as well as knowledge has given us a history of the human race in the Pacific as a comprehensive narration. Nowhere on this globe is seen such strange conglomerates of utterly distinct mentalities, cultures and racial ideals as on some of these isolated islands. Each fresh current of motivated conduct since the seventeenth century has contributed some essence. In like manner each tidal wave leaves its personal flotsam and jetsam on their beaches. It is these various influences which are traced by the author. In the later chapters he endeavours to estimate results—either progressive or the reverse—which may be recognised in the present island communities.

The book begins with a palaeogeographical sketch of land movements in the Pacific Ocean. Would that the subject were as simple as it appears from this broad outline, but it is wise to avoid controversial points. Perhaps a little more credit might have been given to early decent traders, for the basic rules of trading integrity which they imparted were of immense importance. It was the quiet courteous Malay and the forthright white trader who set up the first criterion by which the child races judged the rest of humanity. They laid a foundation of goodwill which, had it been built upon, would have obviated the deplorable events which followed.

It is true that such men left no records. They settled among the people, tolerated, condoned, endured or acted firmly on occasions, all in the interests of commerce but without undue interference. So there was nothing to record and the majority were illiterate in any case.

The last two chapters concern the second world war, which in one way or another disrupted the economy of every archipelago. Balance of outside powers, of interests, of populations and the trend of public opinion were all thoroughly upset in a manner unpredictable. The author gives a careful exposition of these events followed by the changes attributable to the war, nationalism among some backward races, experiments in administration, the waning of prior influences.

This is not a book of reference only but will be welcomed by the general reader. Material has been collected from all sources and given out as a dispassionate yet critical survey. It certainly fills a void in Pacific literature because it gives a sense of cohesion to historic events which are apt to be merely kaleidoscopic.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Good for Miss Barrett

IT OFTEN USED TO HAPPEN, during the time I was attending to sound drama, that some fortuitous actuality, an eye-witness account of Arnheim or a sermon on liberty, would steal all the thunder of the time and drain off the emotion one had carefully stored against such things as 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street'. This seems likely to happen in television, too. After watching a wholly unsentimental but intensely moving programme about how a deaf-mute learned to 'hear' (by touch), prefabricated dramatics were likely to seem creaky. In fact I enjoyed Jan de Hartog's 'Skipper Next to God', from time to time, though it has never been a favourite play of mine, toned and tuned otherwise though it now appeared. The holdful of refugee Jews strikes me as too facile a bid for sympathy—too trite a theatrical contrivance. We should be somehow made interested in the captain's intransigence without that—for himself alone. The best moments in this production by Douglas Allen came when Thomas Heathcote (excellent actor usually condemned to play saucy corporals) leant forward in close-up and ruminated rumly. Here the look in the man's eye told us what the words failed to supply (in a singularly unmemorable role). In short, the image counted. But eighty per cent. of the other images did not; worse, they cancelled out, precluded the use of imagination, while adding no worthwhile information. The old Radio Seagull of sound drama is much mocked, but I swear it does a better job than the feeble realism of television seascape. If you can't beat the cinema at that game, it doesn't, alas, follow that what 'goes' in a theatre will pass on the television screen. In the theatre, we co-operate; there is an *optique du théâtre* (how can I forget how Félix Labisse suggested a ship in 'Partage de Midi', with half a rail, and the reflection of water on a hot awning?).

In 'Skipper Next to God' it would have been better to leave much to the imagination. But what most was needed was

just what one cannot have—I mean the visual equivalent of stretches of silence—that is, a blank screen during such time as no image is required. But of course new licence-holders would never stand for that—not getting money's worth! There is much also to be said for the



The final scene of Jan de Hartog's 'Skipper Next to God' televised on October 7: Thomas Heathcote as 'Captain Joris Kuiper, and Frederick Piper as 'Chief' Davelaar

unity of place; we should have stuck to the captain's table—cabined, cribbed, confined. Which, with the exception of the last, was exactly the fate of Miss Barrett. Anchored to her couch, we had at least a continuous idea of where we were and the rest of 50 Wimpole Street created itself easily in our minds. No wonder Besier's

play is popular. It has everything: Cinderella, and father-hating, and a smile or two for those quaint Victorians with their shut windows. And then it is written with such a sure sense of stage values and effective dialogue. I thought this production by Harold Clayton first-rate; smooth, plausible, with the right emphasis and—quite simply—looking at the right face at the right moment, which sounds simple and is as utterly unobtrusive, when properly done, as a great singer's breathing; when badly done, an agony to one and all. Period costume gives a television 'Barretts' a decided advantage over an invisible performance, and there was much here in 'the look', without which I daresay one would have thought some of the playing a little monotonous. But all in all, Pauline Jameson did the famous part finely, holding our sympathy all the time. Only once or twice did memories of Miss Ffrangcon-Davies get in the way (one of them was 'All those children . . . born in fear'). I'd put this high on the list of television's histrionic achievements. Griffith Jones made a handsome, persuasive Browning. Eileen Beldon and Patricia Marmont supported well. Only the excellent D. A. Clarke-Smith seemed out of scale—but the part, too, is out of scale. Barry Léaroyd's settings were all that was wanted, but again the only dubious places were the departures from the unity of place (ineffective staircase shot, pointless street-door shot). And perhaps more play should have been made with Ba's door from *within*; the door is the focus of attention in a sick room.

No wonder television likes inanimate puppets for child audiences. I cannot think back very clearly, but I fancy I should have rejected Wee Georgie Wood in a hat which seemed to have strayed from the Wizard of Oz as a materialisation of Puck of Pook's Hill. But sometimes these children's plays are charming, for instance Winifred Holmes' Philemon and Baucis play and John Hooper's 'The Willow Pattern' story. And as one who finds Spanish dancing tremendously exciting (a minority view, I suppose), I was delighted that Pilar Lopez and company had some time and space. Monochrome robs



The Ballet Espagnol of Pilar Lopez in the Flamenco Dance: presented by Christian Simpson and televised on October 8



'The Barretts of Wimpole Street': Patricia Marmont as Henrietta, D. A. Clarke-Smith as Edward Moulton Barrett, and Pauline Jameson as Elizabeth

them of something, but the sense of style is transmitted. Out of gratitude, I sat all through Northern Music-Hall from the Theatre Royal, Leeds, which we saw crammed with the great and the beautiful of that city nearly bursting themselves to make sure it was an occasion. There were anxious preliminaries: toothy introductions; hands waved in one direction, appearances (Bea Lillie-like) from the *other* side. But once it got going, with chorus girls actually falling over in their pride and excitement (something I had never before seen), a funny fellow balancing billiard balls on his buttocks (roars of applause), Yorkshire's own Albert Modley, (Donald Peers, Gracie an' all, it weren't a bad money's worth at that!

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Old Friends

IT IS HARD to be merely tepid about Scott's 'idle lay' of 'Marmion'. Either its rhythms have haunted you since youth, or Scott is with the lumber at the bottom of a cupboard. The poem has been with me from the age of ten when I had a habit of declaiming the Flodden canto in a suitably romantic, echoing sea-cave almost as far from Flodden as it is possible to get in England. Last week I realised that James McKechnie and Maud Risdon spoke the lines very much better. But envy died in the rush of the narrative, the excitement of hearing the swinging, galloping, lunging tale that was made to be spoken, and that for all its occasional steeplechase-falls, its lines that go bump in the night, its catch-as-catch-can rhyming, is enough to shake any lethargy. Christine Orr, who arranged it for the Third Programme, and who, I imagine, had to read it aloud to herself, while she was cutting and piecing, lost little of any importance (though I was sorry about the full prospect of Tantallon). Once at least, I believe, she patched neatly with a couple of near-Scott lines of her own. The speakers, Mr. McKechnie in particular, swept us with relish from Norham's castled steep to 'Shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear And broken was her shield', the obvious place at which to end.

What I liked so much about this programme, produced by James Crampsey, was the refusal to patronise the verse, to let us hear any undercurrent of distaste. The cast allowed the rushing metre to hurtle it forward. There was much for memory: the judgment at Lindisfarne, the meeting with Sir David Lindsay of the Mount (the man whose 'flash of satiric rage' is fashionable today in 'The Three Estates'), the invocation to Edinburgh; the sepulchral citing of the Flodden dead; the battle itself: 'Volumed and fast, and rolling far, The cloud enveloped Scotland's war'. I felt during these two hours something of the enthusiasm with which Scott wrote 'Marmion' at Ashestiel. And, this established, the field was won.

I was less happy about another old—and very different—friend, Chekhov's 'Uncle Vanya'. (Try, if you can, to imagine a fireside chat between Marmion and, say, Telyegin.) The 'World Theatre' revival (Home) had performances that were appreciative individually, but never—for me—fused into that true Chekhovian picture, infinitely difficult and prized. Leon Quartermaine's tenderness and grief; Harcourt Williams, incomparable as the hollow-humbugging Professor: these came up sharply. Neither James McKechnie's Astrov nor—in spite of a strong visual memory from the theatre—Margaret Leighton's Helena fitted so easily into the scene: here the voices did not always interpret. Wisely, Barbara Burnham, the producer, used for Chekhov's silver drift the Constance Garnett translation, with (for small examples)

'I'm worn out' where another version has 'You are overtaxing my powers of endurance', and 'An old dry-as-dust' instead of 'As stale as a piece of hard-tack'.

Again old friends—in Anthony Armstrong's bang-it-over melodrama, 'The Black King' (Light). No doubt it was a new play, but I found it a familiar piece of hard-tack and seemed to know all the people that battered so fiercely through the slugging and storming, the crashing and the smashing. The dialogue rang appropriate bells: 'H.H. climbed the ivy and pulled out two of the old bars', and 'Oh, I'm a bit muzzy, they doped me', and 'Nice work, H.H.' Nice work, indeed; a sound bit of blackmail and detection. Who'll find the face beneath the Black King's hood? Although, obediently, I sat doped, ninety minutes was too long for the tumult and the shouting; thirty would have served, twenty at a pinch.

I shall sit willingly through any 'Leisure Hour' programme (Light) in which Gillie Potter looks in from Hogsnoton, raising his hat now and then to Lord Marshmallow. He is a comedian of imperial ease in manner and matter: an old friend, with his own 'flash of satiric rage', who has been too long away. And, thank the powers, he does not need a studio audience: that ancient foe unmourned.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Thin Diet

THE PLACE of controversy in broadcasting has often itself been controversial. Last week's radio was an object lesson in what happens when controversy is removed. Owing to an impending political event, certain persons over whom the B.B.C. has no control had cornered for themselves most of the heat in the programmes, and even some of the light. Subtracting these examples of the Spoken Word, on which I do not feel disposed to comment, we were left with rather thin and starchy fare, a listless menu without much 'bite' or substance. One longed for a first-class 'I Was There' to wake things up. The tale of major material is soon told—some goodish travel talks, though I cannot believe that 9.15 on Sunday is the ideal place for Patrick O'Donovan's African series, a second edition of Huxley, and Alec Robertson's opening talk on 'Music in our Time', which I must leave regretfully to the colleague on my right. It seemed a good chance to revisit some of the B.B.C. staples which carry on, whatever the political weather.

In 'Can I Help You?', I discovered Dudley Perkins discoursing lucidly and fascinatingly about bigamy. His voice, though suitably legal, is kind and comforting: his manner far from dry-as-dust. Had I been perturbed this week over the risk of accidentally committing bigamy, I should, I think, have found his talk most reassuring.

I also listened to 'Woman's Hour' in its Sunday edition. The recipe for this kind of programme seems to be much what it always was—pleasant little scripts about children, fashions, cookery, flowers, other women's lives, 'put over' by voices adequate to the purpose and sometimes just a little more than adequate. The best we can ask of this sort of thing is that it should do well what it sets out to do. By this standard 'Woman's Hour' no doubt deserves its enormous audience. I could wish, however, that the women of the country did not insist on having a funny man to make sport for them. There was one this week describing how his wife's 'radar' pursued him from the bedroom while he was making breakfast, enabling her to call downstairs, 'Shut the refrigerator door, dear', or 'That's enough fish for the cat.

Remember it has to last till Tuesday'. I blushed for him, but I wish he could have blushed for himself. My only real criticism of the programme is that the snatches of a twangy gramophone record between some of the items seemed redundant.

Saturday's programme on the Royal Tour of Canada was disappointing. Whether the correspondents have been so overcome by the importance of the occasion that it has squeezed the life and colour out of their stories, or whether they are hedged about with restrictions which prevent them from doing the job as well as they might, whatever the reason, as a speech-and-sound picture the thing fell flat. The best of it was the children singing the National Anthem in their native French, and that has nothing to do with the Spoken Word. As for the pretentious and inflated description of a shipload of immigrant displaced persons cheering the royal arrival, the less said the better.

Turning to the Third, I found myself disagreeing with Professor I. A. Richards' view that successful public reading of poetry depends on the capacity to convey the background of a poem through the voice. Clearly any sensitive reading of poetry demands knowledge of the poet, his vocabulary and period. But Professor Richards insisted that when Andrew Marvell spoke of the mind

Annihilating all that's made

To a green thought in a green shade

a reader should convey in his voice Marvell's knowledge of the Platonic 'ideas'. This seems to me to be pushing matters too far, though I admit that Professor Richards' exquisite rendering of 'The Garden' was strong testimony in his favour.

JOHN PRINGLE

BROADCAST MUSIC

Pretty Trifles

MAY I OPEN on a carping note? The Third Programme has for some time been presenting a series of recitals under the title of 'New Music'. The intention is laudable and indeed it is precisely for the sort of adventure and stimulus suggested by this title that we look to the Third Programme. In the event these recitals have too frequently become unenterprising, offering works that are new only in the sense that they have not been heard before. Last week provided such an example of music masquerading under a misleading title. The programme opened with two works by Charles Spinks, one for flute and piano, the other a set of short vignettes for piano solo. Both works are no more than pretty trifles. That is nothing against them, but they had no place in the Third Programme (as distinct from the B.B.C.'s other services), let alone in a recital of new music. Then followed 'Cinq Chansons du Moyen-Age' for soprano and string quartet by Bridget Fry, a gifted young pupil of Gordon Jacob. It is neatly-written, well-behaved music, and thus far deserves praise. But that is not quite as far as one has a right to expect in this particular programme: are there not young composers whose work is rather less well-behaved, more noxious, and who are therefore more in need of the platform which the B.B.C. can offer in its Third Programme, but which few other organisations can? The last work in this programme, and the only one which in my view was appropriately included, was Norman Fulton's Introduction, Air, and Reel, for viola and piano, a somewhat uningratiating composition but possessing considerable spunk.

It was this composer, too, who in quite different frame of mind provided the best modern examples in the weekly series of English song recitals. His settings of 'Lament in Spring' and especially 'Love in my Bosom' are charming,

straightforward pieces of true song-writing; they were sung most sympathetically and with outstandingly good diction by Henry Cummings. One also heard easily all the words in Martinu's neat, artificial 'Comedy on a Bridge', a radio opera in one act, done in an English version by Geoffrey Dunn. This made agreeable, lightweight listening, even though neither text nor music could be said to be in the brilliant class.

A programme of chamber music for oboe and strings, played by Léon Goossens and the Carter String Trio, included William Wordsworth's Oboe Quartet. This can possibly be criticised on the score, suggested by my opening paragraph, that, not being venturesome, it is merely innocuous. But such criticism is hardly fair to the thoughtful, reflective quality of the work and to a certain quiet humour in its second move-

ment. Furthermore it is real chamber music, contrapuntally interesting and graciously written.

Two little-known nineteenth-century symphonies made a refreshing change in orchestral programmes. The earlier of these two, the Symphony No. 5 (*Singulière*) by the Swedish composer, Berwald, is delightful stuff, with much originality—or singularity—in its first two movements: there is even in the second (slow) movement an ejaculatory phrase which looks forward to Sibelius. Otherwise there is resemblance to Mendelssohn (whom Berwald knew), and to Bizet in the finale. The performance, by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte, was commendably bright. This work could not fail to please in a Prom. programme. I must be more guarded about the symphony ('The Rustic Wedding') by the almost forgotten Hungarian

Karl Goldmark (1830-1915) which Sir Thomas Beecham revived. It is a warm-hearted and at times naive affair—as, in fact, rustic weddings are. They also, in my experience, go on too long, and so does Goldmark. But the symphony contains many good things and—in its penultimate movement—one perfectly enchanting romantic theme which Sir Thomas clearly enjoyed caressing on its many appearances.

I need no more than the briefest space to mention a pair of matchless works superlatively well played—the Mozart Quintets in C major and G minor, just as great achievements of Mozart's maturity as the last two symphonies, in the same keys. The performers were the Amadeus Quartet, with Cecil Aronowitz as second viola contributing a wonderful richness to the quality of sound.

ALAN FRANK

Johann Pachelbel: A Precursor of Bach

By H. F. REDLICH

A programme of music by Pachelbel will be broadcast at 10.45 p.m. on Friday, October 26 (Third)

AMONG J. S. Bach's spiritual ancestors none—except perhaps the great Scandinavian—Dietrich Buxtehude—had a more determining influence on his organ style than the Franconian Johann Pachelbel, who died on March 3, 1706, when Bach was only twenty. Pachelbel's organ music, especially his chorale preludes and chorale variations, was probably among the earliest music that fertilised Bach's musical imagination, when he learned the rudiments of composition from his elder brother Johann Christoph at Ohrdruf. Johann Christoph Bach had been a favourite pupil and friend of Pachelbel during the latter's appointment at Erfurt and he kept many copies of Pachelbel's hitherto unpublished keyboard music among his musical treasures. Johann Sebastian's very first essays in composition were chorale partitas, unmistakably written in Pachelbel's style: a chorale prelude by Pachelbel on 'Christ lag in Todesbanden' even lingered on in the volumes of the complete edition as a work by J. S. Bach until its identification in 1901.

If one takes a general view of Johann Pachelbel's life, it seems as if nature had here prematurely attempted to mould a J. S. Bach out of simpler alloys. Many of Bach's personal characteristics and principal musical problems appear anticipated in Pachelbel to such a degree, that to speak of 'elective affinities' in this case may sound not unduly exaggerated. Pachelbel, the Lutheran, who (as Bukofzer has pointed out) was destined to bring about the *rapprochement* between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant schools of German organists, was well known for his conciliatory attitude towards the Roman creed—a curious pointer towards Bach's own apparent readiness to serve a Roman Catholic sovereign in composing his greatest vocal work on the words of the Roman liturgy. The colossal schemes of 'The Well-Tempered Clavier' and of 'The Art of Fugue' are clearly foreshadowed in Pachelbel's own attempts to employ a multitude of keys (one of his suites calls for no fewer than seventeen out of twenty-four available keys and his 'Suite ex Gis' begins, oddly enough, in A flat minor, only to end in A flat major) and to create an organic cycle of fugues by virtue of a monothematic source (the ninety-four fugues based on extracts from the plainsong Magnificat).

Bach's own life-long preoccupation with the problem of death finds an earlier parallel in Pachelbel's very first publication, 'Musicalische Sterbensgedanken', of 1683, composed after the plague had bereft him of his wife and child. Again like Bach, Pachelbel was twice married

and able to impart to one son at least something of his musical genius. Wilhelm Hieronymus Pachelbel (1686-1764), an exact contemporary of J. S. Bach and Telemann, kept the father's name alive until deep into the eighteenth century and excelled—not unlike C. P. E. Bach—in a keyboard style of a more brilliant and emotional kind than Johann's habitual severity would ever have conceded.

Johann Pachelbel was born on or about September 1, 1653, in Nuremberg, and initiated into his art by Heinrich Schwemmer and G. K. Wecker, two worthy disciples of Johann Staden and Erasmus Kindermann. It may well be that Kindermann's own Magnificat fugues and keyboard suites left a strong imprint on young Pachelbel, whose posthumous fame rests almost entirely on his keyboard music. After having continued his studies with Caspar Prentz at Regensburg, Pachelbel went about 1672 to Vienna, where he became in 1673 a pupil, and soon after a deputy, of J. K. Kerll (1627-1693), the newly appointed organist of St. Stephen's.

Pachelbel's stay in the Austrian capital was to become of momentous importance for the development of his personal style. He imbibed the *concertante* manner and Italianate flavour of the music of such Roman Catholics as Froberger, Kerll, Biber, and Schmelzer and was able—as a Lutheran—to assist for almost three years the services in a Roman Catholic cathedral. The latter circumstance is so extraordinary and in its documentary details so unexplored, that the possibility of a temporary conversion to the Roman creed cannot be completely ruled out in Pachelbel's case. (Kerll himself, like Froberger before him, had been born a Protestant and became a convert only a short time before taking up his Munich appointment.) In 1677 Pachelbel was appointed court organist at Eisenach, where he was befriended by J. S. Bach's father, Ambrosius, only to move quickly on to Erfurt, where he met Johann Christoph and suffered grievous losses through the plague. After appointments in Stuttgart and Gotha he eventually landed in his native city, Nuremberg, where he became organist of St. Sebald's in 1695, a post of which only death relieved him in 1706.

As in J. S. Bach's case, the most important of Pachelbel's compositions (the chorale preludes and suites for clavicord or pedal-harpsichord) remained in manuscript throughout the composer's lifetime, circulating in copies only among his pupils and exercising a formative influence on the following generation, when Johann Gottfried Walther (1684-1748), J. S.

Bach's cousin and friend, excelled so much in chorale preludes of Pachelbel's type that Mattheson praised him as 'a second Pachelbel, if not the first in his art'. Pachelbel as composer of chorale preludes is the organic link between Scheidt's early 'Tabulatura Nova' (1624), the improvisatory essays of Buxtehude, and J. S. Bach's own contributions to that species. Pachelbel's chorale prelude—lacking the virtuoso exuberance of Buxtehude and his followers Bruhns and Lübeck—favours a division into smaller fugal episodes, dealing contrapuntally with each single chorale verse. This technique (as exercised in the already mentioned prelude on 'Christ lag in Todesbanden') obviously made a deep impression on Bach, whose very last composition, the prelude on 'Vor deinen Thron tret' ich allhier'—reverts to Pachelbel's severe and exacting manner. Another type of Pachelbel's (as exemplified in his famous prelude on 'Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her') relegates the chorale melody to the pedal as a continuous *canto fermo*, while the two manuals are simultaneously kept busy with the chorale verse in short note-values and imitation. This method also served as a model for many of Bach's chorale preludes.

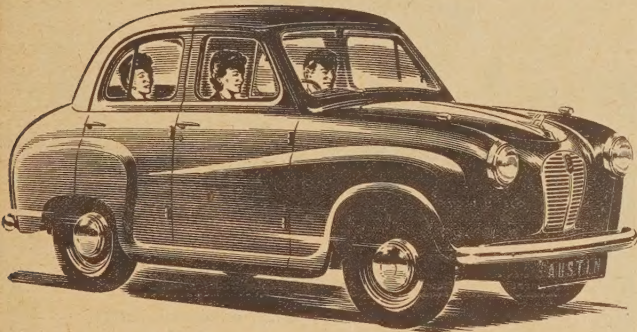
The strange mingling of the secular and the ecclesiastical—so noticeable in the devotional music of older German masters like Michael Praetorius and Scheidt—survives in the chorale variations after the manner of the suite for lute or keyboard instruments, which we find in Pachelbel's 'Musicalische Sterbensgedanken' of 1683. These variation-suites, each built on a chorale melody instead of a secular aria, paved the way for J. S. Bach's own early chorale partitas, while Pachelbel's next important publication, the 'Hexachordum Apollinis', 1699, consists of six variation cycles built on 'arias', foreshadowing in turn the 'Aria mit 30 Veränderungen', commonly known as the 'Goldberg Variations'.

Pachelbel's only works of a definitely secular character are his six Trio Suites for two violins and *basso continuo*, published in 1691 under the title: 'Musicalische Ergoetzung, bestehend in 6 verstimmten Partien a 2 Violin nebst dem Basso Continuo . . .', and rediscovered and published only a short while ago by Fritz Zobeley. The term *verstimmt* (out of tune) refers to the *scordatura*, a device—originally a lute-effect—exploited in Biber's and Schmelzer's Violin Sonatas of 1678 and 1681: an abnormal tuning of a stringed instrument for the purpose of obtaining unusual chords or tone-colour.

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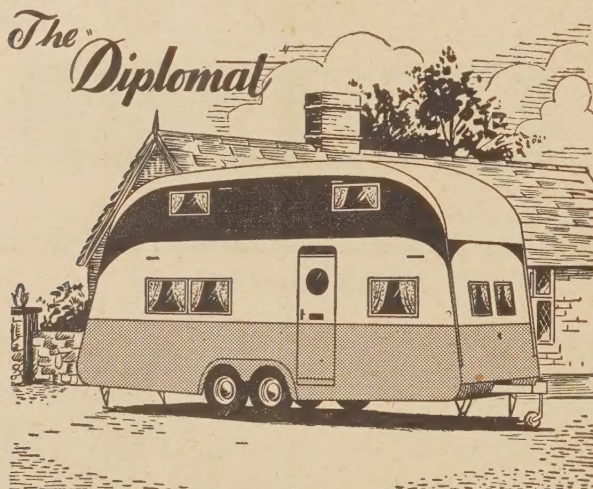
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A Lesson in Pastry Making

By MARGARET RYAN

ALL pastry is made of the same ingredients, and the difference between one kind and another is the result of the different proportions in which fat and flour are used, and the different methods by which the fat is mixed with the flour.

Pastry is made with plain flour (not self-raising), fat, water, and—another ingredient which is often overlooked—air. In making short-crust and biscuit pastry the fat is rubbed into the flour and the air incorporated between the particles all the way through. In making rough-puff and puff pastry, the fat and the air are taken in between folds of the dough, so that it forms layers. For puff pastry it is usual to add a teaspoonful of lemon juice or a pinch of cream of tartar to the mixture, for acid helps the flour to expand and take in the greater quantity of fat which these two kinds of pastry call for. Short-crust pastry uses only one-third of fat to flour; rough-puff pastry uses one-half to two-thirds; puff pastry as much butter (and it must be butter) as flour.

The first point to understand is that in all pastry-making the fat must not even begin to melt before it feels the heat of the oven. In the oven the starch grains in the flour expand and burst and absorb the melting fat. If the fat starts to melt while the flour is uncooked it cannot be absorbed, and your pastry will be soggy and tough. So you must keep everything as cold as you possibly can while you are making pastry. Even so, you cannot help warming the mixture a little by the sheer friction of making it, however cold your hands and utensils may be. So it is best to put it aside for a short time in the coldest place you can think of between rolling and baking it. With puff pastry this is essential, and every kind of pastry is improved by it. For this reason, too, it is better to use a mixture of lard and margarine rather than lard by itself for short-crust and rough-puff pastry, because

lard melts very easily. The vegetable fats we often have on the ration do not.

The next rule which applies to all pastry is that the amount of water you use to make the mixture into dough must be kept to the least possible amount. No pastry was ever spoiled by too little water; too much always ruins it. Adding water is one of the difficult moments, because you cannot afford to add in cautious drops or the uniformity of the mixture will go. You should add it as quickly as possible, and if you begin by counting 2 tablespoons enough for 6 oz. of flour, adding as little more as you find necessary, you have something to go on.

The next thing to consider is the air. It must be cold air, which is another reason for making your pastry in a cool place. For short-crust and biscuit pastry (that is, short crust enriched by yolk of egg and sugar) the fat is rubbed into the flour and the air is taken in at the same time. So raise your hands and let the flour and fat drift down into the bowl from a few inches above it as you mix. Make sure that every tiny bit of fat is rubbed in so that the mixture looks like fine breadcrumbs. There must be no lumps of fat that are not mixed with air, or they will form little wells of fat in the oven. In making puff pastry, the dough is first made of flour, water, and lemon juice, and the butter wrapped in it as you would wrap a parcel in paper. It is then alternately rolled and folded lightly (so that air is taken into the crease) a number of times.

All pastry, and particularly puff pastry, must be rolled evenly or the layers of flour, fat, and air will be disturbed. It must be rolled lightly in small strokes away from you. Do not try to roll pastry on the corner of a crowded table hedged in by utensils of all kinds. You must have elbow room. Use a marble slab or an enamel-topped table in preference to a board if you can. You may find it necessary to sprinkle a very little flour on the board or slab to prevent it sticking.

But on no account put too much or it will get into the mixture and change the proportion of the ingredients.

Pastry must be cooked in a hot oven—425 degrees for short-crust, 450 degrees for puff pastry—so that the flour will expand and the fat melt at the same moment. The time of cooking varies with the amount of dough and its contents, and will be given in recipes. But if pies need cooking after the pastry is done, for the sake of their contents, lower the heat, for if the fat in the pastry is overcooked it will taste horrid.

Some people seem to keep all these rules by instinct and make good pastry from their first attempt. Not everybody has the instinctive gift, but any conscientious cook can make good pastry with practice if she has grasped the main rules: use plenty of air, keep everything cool, and do not add too much liquid.—*Woman's Hour*

Some of Our Contributors

DR. JAMES WELCH (page 632): Professor of Religious Studies, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria, since 1950; Chief Education and Social Science Officer, Overseas Food Corporation, 1948-50; Director of the B.B.C.'s Religious Broadcasting Department, 1939-47

HUMPHRY HOUSE (page 637): Lecturer in English Literature, Oxford University, since 1948; Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford; author of *The Dickens World, Introduction to Oliver Twist*, etc.

COLONEL LAURENS VAN DER POST, C.B.E (page 641): explorer and author of *In a Province* (on South Africa), etc.

FRANK WALKER (page 642): author of a forthcoming biography of Hugo Wolf, and of *The Man Verdi*, etc.

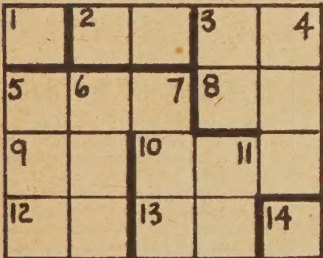
Crossword No. 1,120.

Salt on their Tails.

By Octavian

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CLUES

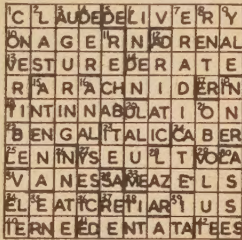
- 1A=C
- 2A=K=L—A
- 3A=L
- 5A=S=DJ
- 8A=I=BF
- 9A=E
- 10A=CI=Q
- 12A=G=C+E
- 13A=F
- 14A=D

- 3D=M=L+A
- 4D=O=CH
- 5D=C³
- 6D=P
- 7D=BH
- 11D=J
- 5A 8A 4D=U=OT
- 8A 5D 10A=V=P³
- 13A 14A 1A 2A 3A 4D=W=T²
- 7D 4D=T

A, B, C, U, V, W are in ascending order of magnitude

Solution of No. 1,118

Prizewinners:
R. C. Couzens (London, S.W.17);
E. G. Phillips (Bangor); O. Carlton Smith (Bognor Regis); W. Watts (Westcliff-on-Sea); G. Webster (London, S.W.7)



NOTES

LIV is allowed as an alternative to **LIV** in 5 Across and 6 Down
IN **N**

Across: 10. (Man)ager. 17. Erin (yes); I=island. 19. 'The Bells'. 25. Nine-L (rev.) V. I. Ulianov. 29. Vola (tile). 31. S.A.= 'it'. 34. Summon (rev.)=Cite (rev.).

Down: 2. Tandem—at last; salt (anag.). 8. R=enter. 9. Elay (rev.). 11. Anag. & literally. 15. Ann-etna (rev.). 16. An alley sea's. 21. O but love. (anag.). 31. Ellery Queen. 32. Sa-re-c. 35. (In)ner(anag.). 39. Ita and Ita(dian).

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